

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A woman whose ruling passion is not vanity is superior to any man of equal capacity.—*Lavater.*

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.—*Locke*

It is not so much the years we have spent as the use we have made of them, that will count up when our life-work is reckoned up.

No man, worthy of the form he bears, will at the command of Church or State solemenly repeat a creed his reason scorns.—*Ingersoll.*

Of all the gifts that Nature can give us, the faculty of remaining silent, or of answering apropos, is perhaps the most useful.—*Mme. Campan.*

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company you please none; if you flatter only one or two you affront the rest.—*Swift.*

All men have their frailties; and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.—*Cyrus.*

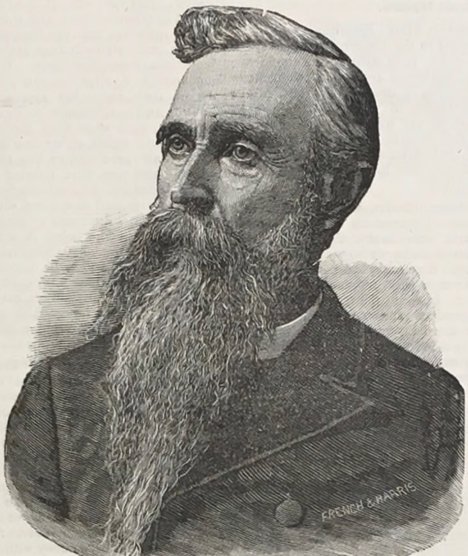
The Work of Spiritualism.

[Banner of Light.]

Tremendous has been the advance made by the New Dispensation since its advent among men. To gain a measurable insight into its rapid spread in all classes of society, it is only necessary to reflect upon the influence which its sublime revelations naturally exert upon those who dare approach the subject and investigate its claims.

Such students, if following their quest honestly and in honorable consonance with their best convictions, find the whole field of the Spiritual Philosophy so immense that they are staggered at the outset, and need to carefully feel their way along by *personal* experiences—taking nothing on *faith* and making sure of each step as they progress.

They realize as never before, and of necessity, how little they know of or comprehend concerning either the Infinite Mind or Spirit, and his works and laws, or man, the immortal, his nature and relationships in the present and in the life to come. Truly has one said: "The philosophy which tangibly unites two worlds—the seen and the unseen—and brings decarnated spirit into the atmosphere, presence and palpable knowledge of spirit yet in the mortal environment, revolutionizes all creeds and philosophies of the past." Such a philosophy indeed *must*, from its very essence, change entirely the popular conception of "death" which the foreworld has handed down to our times—demonstrating, as it does, that this life is but the prelude to one *as natural*, to be continued after death, so-called, in a world that is naturally—not *miraculously*—fitted to the best ends in the way of human progress along spiritual lines.



PROF. HOWARD A. STREIGHT.

Thinking our readers would like to know something of Prof. H. A. Streight, the eminent artist to whom we are indebted for the beautiful symbolic picture of the "Golden Gate" that now adorns this office, we herewith present an excellent likeness of him, together with a brief sketch of his life, taken from the "History of Denver," written by Nelson Millett:

"Born in Brown county, Ohio, May 24, 1836, he was taken to Virginia, where, amid the picturesque scenery of the 'Old Dominion,' that love for the beautiful and sublime in nature, which in after years blossomed forth upon canvas in the semblance of passive lake or rippling streamlet, the mild radiance of an Autumn sunset or the gloomy gradeur of mountain gorges, was first implanted in his soul. He afterwards returned to Ohio with his parents, and after a residence of twelve years in that State he accompanied them to Iowa. Up to that time he had received no instructions in the line of art, save what nature in her kindness had bestowed upon him.

"About this time he became acquainted with Miss Etheridge, a young English lady, whom he afterwards married. Removing to Fort Madison, Iowa, where he found a friend in the person of Hon. Daniel F. Miller, who gave him much encouragement at a time when poverty and disease had well-nigh driven hope from the heart of the struggling artist. He afterwards resided in Fairfield, Iowa, Quincy, Ills., and Palmyra, Mo., meeting with many kind friends, among them W. W. Junkin, editor of the *Fairfield Ledger.* While living in Palmyra he formed the acquaintance of Dr. J. E. Ealy, who sent one of Mr. Streight's Rocky Mountain scenes to Dr. J. G. Holland, of Springfield, Mass., editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, by whom it was placed on exhibition, in New York City, where it received great praise from artists and critics.

"A subsequent picture sent to Dr. Holland, by Prof. Streight, drew forth a characteristic letter of acknowledgment from the eminent author, filled with the warmest commendations and embodying an invitation to come East, coupled with the promise to furnish him a chance to develop the best that was in him.

"From Palmyra he removed to Chicago, by invitation of a number of artists and prominent citizens of Chicago. While there he painted 'The Home of the Thunder,' which brought forth enthusiastic encomiums from connoiseurs and art critics, and was valued at $3,000. He also painted 'Autumn Sunset in the Southwest,' now in possession of Mrs. Jennie Hazen Lewis, the celebrated story writer, and many other paintings, including portraits of some of the most prominent men of Chicago, His failing health, and love for the grand scenery of Colorado, induced him to remove to Denver in 1874, since which he has devoted most of his time to the painting of Colorado scenery, having been most successful in depicting gorgeous sunsets for which Colorado has become noted. His centennial picture, 'Kansas and Colorado,' attracted much attention at the Centennial Exposition, and afterwards sold for $1,000. Sunset in the 'Sangre De Christo Mountains,' with old Sierra Blanca in the distance, is an example of chaste and gorgeous coloring seldom met with. Prof. Streight's studio is at his residence in North Denver, where artists and art lovers find a hearty welcome, an abundance of trees and flowers in Summer—and at all times much to interest the lovers of the beautiful in art."

Several years have elapsed since the above was written, since which time Prof. Streight has painted many notable pieces, mostly studies from nature, portraying the wild scenery of the mountains and canons of Colorado, attaining a success in this line of art that has never been excelled by any living artist. One of his most notable pictures, "Mount of the Holy Cross," recently sold in Chicago for the sum of $15,000. It was purchased by Wm. H. Daniels, formerly of the firm of Estey & Camp. Many testimonials from the best art critics, commendatory of Prof. Streight's wonderful paintings, have been published in the leading papers and magazines of this country, some of which we transfer to our columns. Speaking of his great painting, "The Valley of Lost Souls," the *Chicago Tribune* says:

"Those of our citizens who have studied the great painting by Prof. Streight, now on exhibition at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, are loud in their praise of it, not only as a work of art but as a representation of the scenery never before transferred to canvas. The painting covers a canvas 7x12 feet, and depicts a terrible night in the valley of the Rio de Las Animas, or 'Valley of Lost Souls.' The location is mid-way between Silverton and Durango, Colorado, and the painting shows one of those terrible fires which occasionally rage through Colorado valleys, burning great pine forests and sweeping destruction on every hand. The snow-capped mountain peaks, in the distance, are made visible by the full moon, whose silvery rays illuminate them, giving a strange and ghostly appearance to the far-away peaks which baffles description. The representation of the fire is the key-note to the picture. The bursting flames, the flying avant couriers of burning bark and bits of wood; the rocks lit up red and lurid; the awful blackness of the canon and nearer hills, and all the wild details of a forest fire in the mountains, are depicted with such truthfulness and feeling that the beholder is startled by the awe inspiring and terrible representation."

This painting is valued at $35,000. Speaking of his methods, a correspondent of the *Saturday Evening Herald*, Chicago, says:

"A frequent visitor at his studio, I have had opportunity to become familiar with his methods, and to catch a glimpse of the controlling ideas of his artistic work.

"Like Franz Hals and unlike Ruysdael his genius does not belong so much to the creative or imaginary order but lies in an intellectual; I might say spiritually intellectual and appreciative force that enables him to make wonderfully correct pictures of nature's sublimest works and grandest effects. Those acquainted with Gustave Corbet's works will discover familiar features in Prof. Streight. Nature was their tutor, their inspiration. The canvas, the palette, paints and brushes, were the simple mediums by which genius photographed the beautiful and sublime in nature.

"If I were to point out what I esteem to be the most wonderful feature of Professor Streight's Rocky Mountain scenes, I should say they consist of the rising mists and stormy skies. 'I have worked years,' I one day heard him remark, 'to catch that mist as it lifted from the canon and transfer it to canvas.'

"If I speak strongly on this subject I do it with the consciousness that any art critic taking the pains to inspect the Professor's work would bear me out in all my opinions, and I close this article with the hope that all true lovers of art will avail themselves of the opportunity to feast their eyes if they can not afford to richly adorn their parlors or galleries."

Henry Blackburn, the art critic of London, who is regarded as authority in such matters, says: "Prof. Streight's representations of cloud effects are the finest "I ever have seen on canvas." The following from the *Art Journal* is remarkably high praise from such a source:

"In the director's room of the Maritime Exchange has lately been placed the finest large oil painting of Colorado scenery ever painted or seen in this or any other city. It is large and so wonderfully full of spirit that it can be looked at by the hour, some new grandeur or beauty constantly appearing. The scene is on the Rio Grande river. It shows rivers, boats, trees and wild flowers of Colorado in the foreground, a sketch of undulating river and plain for fifty miles, with the Rocky Mountains and snowy range in the background, under a sky effect as natural as it is grand and beautiful. Bierstadt never produced a finer painting than this, which is the work of H. A. Streight, the leading artist of Colorado, and among the very foremost in the world. Lovers of the grand and the beautiful should see this great picture."

About six months ago Prof. Streight came to this coast and took up his residence in this city. At this time his life had been mostly spent in the interior of the continent. He assured us that until his arrival here he had never seen the ocean, yet among the first and most remarkable productions of his brush is a marine view, "Point Lobos," now on exhibition at Bancroft's piano rooms on Post street, this city. This picture bears striking evidence that his hand is guided by an unseen power, as indeed it is. No artist who had not made the ocean a long study could paint the surf breaking upon the rocks so naturally, without help from some great master in spirit life. The editor of the *Pacific Coast*, himself a connoisseur of art, says of this artist:

"We believe that Professor Streight possesses as much art and skill in his paintings as any of the old masters, and his paintings will be as much sought after when the hand that produced them shall be silent and the production of more an impossibility. It is the rare and scarce paintings which largely fascinate the buyer. The great desire is to have what no one else can get at any price, and for this reason many ordinary works of the old masters are held at a fabulous price while as compared with some of the art production of our time they have no comparison either in art or price, yet they are valued because the artist who painted them lived in another time, and the work cannot be duplicated. We believe in encouraging our own native artists, and, if lovers of art would appreciate the works of the modern style and the work of our home artists, they would be doing a noble work in assisting many a clever painter to that reputation and fame which he justly merits, but which is denied because of the works of the old masters, which seem so grand in the eyes of the rich, who alone have time and money to spend in the accumulation of an art gallery."

Professor Streight possesses a gentle, beautiful spirit, radiant with the felicities of an elegant, refined manhood. To know him is to know a grand soul, as well as a grand artist.

A Straightener.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In regard to Brother Clark, Sister Harris and myself, things have become somewhat "mixed." I propose with your permission to straighten them out. in my article on forgiveness in the number of June 29, I state the true basis of forgiveness to be "Ignorance or Weakness", and say, "Either one or both will cover the ground in all cases." The types make me say "Will NEVER cover the ground in all cases," which entirely destoys the harmony and force of the statement. How that little "NEVER" got in there I cannot tell. Farther on I speak of the "Uselessness of regret, etc," it is printed "usefulness," which conveys the opposite of my meaning, as I hold it does no good to *regret* the *past*, but thank God for the lesson learned, and go on our way rejoicing. Let your readers peruse the article with these corrections in mind and it will appear consistent with itself, and give my *true meaning.* To Sister Harris' reply, in which I am called "CLARK" (as good a name as CARTER any day) I have no antagonism, she dealing with the *effects* of the sin, and I with the sin itself, or *cause* of the sin. I agree with her, I do not think we can escape the penalty of our wrong doing, or the just effects of our every act. We were viewing the question from *different* points of view, to my mind the one is as *true* as the other. We find heaven, hell, God, the Devil, the *judgment seat* and the *judge* all within us; and if there is not some *solid basis* on which to build *forgiveness*, for ourselves and others, we would never attain the blissful state of Nirvana. If there is one reader of this paper who has not done the *best he could* under the circumstances, I wish he would make it known, and tell the *reason why.* I hope the original questioner in regard to forgiveness, has by this time been enabled to ease his conscience somewhat of its load; if so, it will show the good fruit of "Our Question Department," and prove the benefit of this free *exchange of thought*, which is so deligtful, and for which the GOLDEN GATE gives us such a fine chance.

To those of your readers interested in Theosophy I would cordially recommend works of R. W. Emerson, the Budha of the the nineteenth century, and grand Mahatma of the West. They will find the essence of the Hindu philosophy more clearly and compactly stated than anywhere else to my knowledge. As this "Straightener" will come rather late, the width of the continent being between us, yet knowing it is "never to late to mend," I send it forth with hope, love and joy, and the sincerest good will for all readers and writers of our beautiful GOLDEN GATE.

Let us thank God that in this age we're living,
And praise the Giver by a constant giving.

S. CARTER.

BALDWINSVILLE, MASS., July 20, 1889.

On one occasion a lady called and presented a check which she wished cashed. As she was a perfect stranger to the paying-teller, he said very politely, "Madam, you will have to bring some one to introduce you before we can cash this check." Drawing herself up quite haughtily, she said, freezingly, "But I do not wish to know you, sir!"—*Richmond Express.*

An ounce of encouragement is worth a pouud of fault-finding.

Messages from the Beyond.

Editor of Golden Gate:

I send you the following messages written through the hand of Mr. Chester Fish:

"It affords me unbounded satisfaction and pleasure to be able to make myself known, after so long a time, to you, my friend of past days. I find the life on this side as real and earnest as the earthly existence, and to the well-meaning there is the same desire to reach out and expand the moral faculties that we experience while here.

"Almost all regret when they land on the spirit shore the lack of knowledge concerning spiritual things, many thousands coming over merest infants as regards their knowledge concerning spiritual things. So we find no lack of employment in teaching earth's children, as they come to us unschooled, undeveloped and inexperienced in what pertains to their welfare. They have to begin down at the foot of the ladder, and by the help of others more experienced to lead them they begin anew their journey and their life. Oh, how few there are that as yet comprehend the capabilities of their own selves. Did they do so, they would never waste their own precious time worshiping the gods of this world, but would learn of the grand truths of spirit life, and be developed and prepared for the great change that awaits all living.

"I wish I could reach with pen and voice the whole world to-night, to admonish them to do good to their fellow-men, and no longer live for self alone.

"It is a great privilege to be able to come and express one's thoughts, and it is a grand joy to be able to report that there is no death, only change. Friends, you are fast approaching an important era, and in your silence greater things are in store for you in the future. Look onward and upward for the glorious light, for spiritual knowledge will never cease to shine upon you. The sun hath risen to go no more down forever. I rejoice evermore that these things are, and am glad to know that we live in accordance with a divine law which is subject to progression, but is without end. Your friend forever,

"Christie S. Lorin."

Mrs. Lorin was an old and dear friend of Mrs. Adams, in Boston, to whom she first imparted the grand truths of Spiritualism.

"The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom, and the education of the people is necessary; and, in order to develop the mind, it should be stimulated to think and consider consequences.

"We, from the spirit side of life, who have passed through the physical, can see where there is great need of a more constant understanding of what is required for the most harmonious development of the human race and the higher development of the spiritual nature of man. The world to-day comprehends but little of what the capabilities of the human race are when well rounded out by the constant understanding of its component parts.

"We behold to-day nature made up of minute particles which go to compose the mighty whole, and each particle possessing a portion of intelligence, however minute, which, when combined in consistent proportions, unite and form the intelligence manifested every day to your senses, and yet through the vast chemical storehouse of nature extending far beyond the comprehension of finite man, there is no lack of intelligence, which demonstrates there is a never-failing fountain somewhere within the bounds of the vast universe which can never fail. What though you cannot grasp all the whys and wherefores of creation or destination of the hereafter, or whether there is an overruling power or not, 'tis plain that we all exist to-day, and that we are governed by laws that it is impossible for us to set aside; and call those laws what you will, we are all subject to their rules and regulations.

"I, while here, taught for many years the religions of the day as I understood them, and when I was schooled in a higher branch, where I no longer needed the early lessons of the past, I endeavored to hold up the light and truth of the spiritual philosophy to the world, as I saw them from my more exalted standpoint; and yet, through it all, and above and beyond all, there is a dim light illuminating our pathway that goeth not out, but must shine brighter and brighter as time rolls us onward towards the infinite.

"It matters little what mere opinions are to-day, for to-morrow they may have ceased to have any effect on us. There are few cardinal points of truth which are true to the seeker after truth as the magnetic needle is to the polar star. Seek the elevating light which beacon-like shines along the pathway of the honest seeker after truth, and will eventually lead the wandering pilgrim home—yea, even to his father's house, where there are rivers of joy forevermore. Good night!

"Andrew T. Foss."

Mr. Foss was formerly a Baptist minister, and lived in Manchester, N. H., and became suddenly a Spiritualist and lecturer from the following circumstance: He was called upon by the grim messenger, death, to part with a lovely daughter. She was yet unconverted, and, while himself and wife were in suffering anguish, he spoke these words: "Wife, according to our doctrine, our loved daughter has gone to hell." They both thought it over, and Mr. Foss changed his religion then and there, and declared, "*It is not so.*" Mr. Foss took the rostrum as a noted Spiritual lecturer, declaring that he had preached twenty-five years to keep the people out of hell, and now he should preach twenty-five years to keep hell out of the people. He came to Vineland, and gave us a specimen of his loud and outspoken eloquence, and soon after left his work nobly performed, and soon passed to his higher life.

"The grandeur of the other life is far more extensive than the world of minds about you can comprehend. I, as you well know, was a medium, and when the trials of earth were over, I was well prepared to take my position on the spirit side of life, and am a medium still, and engaged to bring others to the light of truth, and teach them the way whereby they may communicate with their friends. There are countless thousands on the other shore who have never yet had the opportunity of speaking to their friends since their transition, and are not capable of doing so only as some good missionary assists them in their efforts.

"It is grand and elevating to labor for the unfortunate, and it not only helps them to rise to higher conditions, but it helps all to be benevolent and good to the forlorn and sorrowful to the great end that we, as spirits, labor to let our light shine, and so to assist all the suffering ones who may come to us for sympathy. By this we grow to higher conditions ourselves, and the time will come when you all will see us face to face, as one friend talketh to another. There is hope for all, and a grand future mapped out before you. Learn the lessons then, and be comforted, for the dead die not, and the spirit world is not so far away, as the inhabitants of your earth have virtually annihilated time and space. So also have inventions and improvements been brought to bear on the intercourse between the two worlds, and space is known no more by us. Distance has faded from our remembrance, only as we scan the history of the past; and so the car of improvement is rolling along, and the glories of the future are indescribable in any language that mortals can comprehend.

"Marvel not, then, for you and all of us are on the eve of a mighty change, which will bring wonders and admiration to your spirits far beyond your powers to comprehend at present.

"Go on, friends; the obstructions that loom up before you will ere long melt away, and a more glorious future dawn upon you than the past has known. Good night, all! Barbara Allen."

Barbara Allen was one of the best clairvoyant mediums in Boston the writer ever had experiences with. The first time I called on her was during the first opening of the war. She described a young lady that my son was affianced to and passed over before marriage, gave her name, cause of departure, and many items of tests, where he was then (in the army), my name and residence, that were astounding to me, a perfect stranger as I was. Many, many sittings I had with Barbara after this, with the most happy results. She left Boston and lived in Vermont many years before she passed to spirit shores, which took place only a few years ago. Barbara was one of the most honest mediums I ever saw. Fraternally thine,

Riley M. Adams.

Vineland, N. J., July 12, 1889.

Fathers and Mothers, Do Your Duty.

Editor of Golden Gate:

The jury for the present term of court, in Multnomah county, were discharged this morning for both Court No. 1 and No. 2. Many important cases have been decided by them, both civil and criminal. First of importance is that of Olds for the murder of Webber, both notorious gamblers, and the verdict of murder in the first degree will cause Olds to pay the penalty with his life (nothing in Providence preventing, as the preachers would say). Then follows a list of crimes that condemn men to the penitentiary for from one to fifteen years. Then, also, comes a list of fallen women, who ply their vocation contrary to law. (Strange, isn't it?) I have watched with more than common interest these trials and convictions, and usually being one of the twelve made me a close observer, and I often thought, as I saw the persons stand up in court to receive the verdict of the jury or the sentence of the judge, how that all of them are sons and daughters of mothers who once held them in their arms as sweet babes, or dandled them in childish innocence upon their knees, and the thought came forcing its way into my mind what was the cause of all this—what course had been pursued by these mothers, and how much were they accountable for the conduct of these men and women? And then came up before me psycometrically clasped hands, and agonized looks, and burning words, "Oh, had I but done my duty, instead of following some wild delusion, my precious boy (or darling girl) would not have been where he (or she) is to-day; would to God that I had seen the right!" Oh, you fathers and mothers, who have children intrusted to your keeping, before it is too late, do your duty to them, if you would save them from a life of shame and crime! C. A. Reed.

Portland, Or., July 19, 1889.

Morality may be considered to be the current opinion of society as to what course of conduct is most conducive to the general welfare. It has its origin, not in revelation, but in human experience.—*R. C. Adams.*

WHAT IS SAID OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

J. H. Fichte, the German Philosopher and Author.—"Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent."

Professor de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London.—"I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

Dr. Robert Chambers.—"I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."—[Extract from a letter to A. Russel Wallace.

Professor Hare, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.—"Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months" (this was written in 1858), "had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question."

Professor Challis, the Late Plumerian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge.—"I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts of human testimony must be given up."—[Clerical Journal, June, 1862.

Professors Tornebom and Edland, the Swedish Physicists.—"Only those deny the reality of spirit phenomena who have never examined them, but profound study alone can explain them. We do not know where we may be led by the discovery of the cause of these, as it seems, trivial occurrences, or to what new spheres of Nature's kingdom they may open the way; but that they will bring forward important results is already made clear to us by the revelations of natural history in all ages."—[Aftonblad (Stockholm), October 30, 1879.

Professor Gregory, F. R. S. E.—"The essential question is this: What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? Although I can not say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honorable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. . . . I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging the truth of the spiritual theory.

Lord Brougham.—"There is but one question I would ask the author, Is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which divers circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of skepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is Modern Spiritualism."—[Preface by Lord Brougham, in "The Book of Nature." By C. O. Groom Napier, F. C. S.

The London Dialectical Committee reported—"(1) That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. (2) That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force on those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. (3) That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and, by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications."

Cromwell F. Varley, F. R. S.—"Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. . . . Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception." . . . He then details various phases of the phenomena which had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues: "Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence (*a*) of forces unknown to science; (*b*) the power of instantly reading my thoughts; (*c*) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers. . . . That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late to deny their existence."

Camille Flammarion, the French Astronomer and Member of the Academie Francaise.—"I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man, who declares the phenomena denominated 'magnetic,' 'somnambulic,' 'mediumic,' and others not yet explained by science to be 'impossible,' is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by preconceived opinions, nor his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of Nature are already known to us, and that everything which appears to overstep the limit of our present formulas is impossible—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to."

Alfred Russel Wallace, F. G. S.—"My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do *not* require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disapprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer."—[Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.

Dr. Lockhart Robertson.—"The writer (i. e., Dr. L. Robertson), can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any legerdemain, or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing anyone, by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet he can not doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is opened to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil.—[From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the "Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism," p. 24.

Baron Carl du Prel (Munich) in *Nord und Sud*.—"One thing is clear—that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions."

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he can not buy.

"I desire no future," says George Eliot, "which will break the ties of the past." One of the poets expresses this desire to live an unbroken life still stronger, when he says he would rather go to perdition with his friends than go to heaven alone."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Voice of the Mother.

BY EVA A. H. BARNES.

Voice of the mother, thy pathetic threnody
Comes from the depths of a nature sublime—
Comes anguish-laden and prayerfully human
From the abyss of an ignorant time.
Self-abnegation hath left her in fetters
Wrought all unwisely and wrought to her woe—
Wrought by her will as a sign of her loving,
Chaining her still to the darkness below.

Yet for herself would her footsteps ne'er falter,
Freely she giveth her life for her love;
But, when fair baby-hands uplift appealingly,
Fiercely then wrestles the eagle and dove.

As "Aunt Cordelia," in her wise and timely words, has opened the GOLDEN GATE for mothers, I hasten to enter in with a few thoughts I have gathered from observation and experience, enriched and illuminated by inspirations from the angel-side of life. Indeed, if there is any question that needs treating from the standpoint of spiritual science, it is this vexed question of the relation of the sexes, especially with reference to the generation of better children. The evils of the present system of bad generation is apparent. We can all see that marriage, perpetuated as it avowedly is for the protection of children, has betrayed its holy trust, giving as it does to the world diseased children, marked from their birth with mental and moral deformities, against whose crime-laden tendency it is impossible to struggle. We see these children coming not alone from the (so-called) criminal classes, but from respectable homes, whose founders have never over-stepped the line of law and morality demanded by society. As a rule, the *real* environment of the mother at conception and during pregnancy is not known to the world, and this most important of all subjects has been, until quite recently, a forbidden one for discussion; but woman's influence is gradually moulding public opinion in new spheres, as she becomes a more active factor in our industrial, educational and political centers, and with this influence comes a greater freedom of discussion of all social evils, for the reason that women alone can defend themselves intellectually from the oppression and degradation of sexual crimes, because they alone "know whereof they speak." And, I would remind "Aunt Cordelia" that, although work in the woman suffrage, temperance and social purity reforms may not do all that we wish, their work is educational in a great degree, and has done wonders in paving the way for the discussion of questions of graver import.

Hitherto, marriage, as a *legalized* system, has ignored the rights of the wife and mother almost entirely, Blackstone claiming that the married woman had no identity which was recognized by law. But the world is moving on, forced to grander hights and a broader outlook by the masterful law of evolution, standing as it does as representative of the still more subtile and powerful law of involution. And, as back of all this sexual bondage for woman lies the ideal, the positive thought creation, symbolized by woman's inferiority to man, even so back of woman redeemed from slavery must be evolved the nobler thought of woman individualized, free to work out her own destiny in accord with her own will. Back of the marriage that gives to the world, as its fruits, penetentiaries, lunatic asylums and houses of prostitution, stands the *thought* of marriage as a safety valve for the lusts in society; sex in virtue; woman created for man's gratification. Thus, do we trace all things back to the realm of causation, finding in thought the origin of evil as well as good. Hitherto, marriage has rested upon a purely physical basis; hence, woman, with her more spiritually unfolded nature, has suffered more keenly than man the ignoring of spiritual law. Ever has she been ahunger for love, but, asking for the bread of life, she has been given a stone.

But when, in the thought realm, an ideal has been born of a marriage upon a spiritual basis, when this ideal shall have grown strong among the people, and become a glorified inhabitant of their minds and hearts, lo, a new world! At last, shall we behold humanity magnificent and abloom—at last, a race of men whose mothers were not slaves, whose wives will be free-born citizens, their comrades and equals in every respect. For man was but half evoluted when he demanded nothing higher in a companion than an inferior to minister to his lusts and selfishness. Attuned to the *harmonies* of the universe manhood and womanhood will for the first time be found capable and worthy to form a union upon a spiritual plane. They will take up their grand triumphal march together through the coming centuries, conquering the inharmonies of life peacefully. Over the fountain of material life angels brood silently, awaiting conditions for other and more wonderful conceptions than that which gave to the world a Jesus. Saviours of the world must have more natural, spiritual, prenatal environments than those given the children of to-day. If we would save the world from its grossness and sensuality, we must begin at the fountain of earthly life and purify its channels; for the stream poisoned at its source carries death and desolation upon its bosom, instead of life and health and happiness.

In our eagerness to grasp the best at life's feast we have made such grave mistakes, ever seizing upon that which perished in our grasp, even as doth the butterfly in the hands of a foolish child. We taste the overflowing cup of pleasure which love holds to our lips, and greedily, in our ignorance, drain the fatal dregs, and then proceed to eat the cup, ignoring in our haste the subtile elixir of life, whose germ and potentiality the draught contained awaiting the touch of the true alchemist to transmute all this earthly dross into the pure gold of life. Lift up your souls, oh, my brothers! from this sensual plane of sexual gratification. Live true to the divine light within you, transforming, by the sublime force of will, these dead-sea fruits into the flowers of paradise. I do not ask you to give up one moment of pleasure; I simply ask that you seek pleasure amid those scenes that do not blast and ruin your power for enjoyment.

What is there more beautiful and attractive than the life of lovers? What is there more to be coveted than the knowledge and power that will enable true lovers to secure to themselves an eternity of such bliss as they knew before ignorance and excess, under cover of marriage license, had drained their life of its vital energies? We all know that separation of the sexes is unnatural. Wherever in life work is attempted by one sex alone we find the result abnormal and often monstrous. What we want is not *repression*, but *direction*, of the amative nature. All men and women, whose lives have overflowed with blessings for humanity; who are the positive, powerful burden-bearers of the world; who have the creative genius of the world, have largely developed love natures. What we want to see is all this power utilized perfectly, and this can only be done by coming to look at the love and sex relations from a spiritual standpoint. Whenever it is desirable to live a continent life, as assuredly it should be in marriage while the mother endures the drain upon her resources of gestation and lactation, it should be understood that *mental continence* must in every case precede its outward manifestation to secure any permanent result for good.

No one who has never tried the experiment can even imagine the miracle wrought in a lust-bound mind by self-treatment, after the fashion of the mental healers. But we must convince our reason first. Never affirm anything you do not thoroughly believe to be true. We have become so accustomed to look upon sex as purely physical, while we all should know that sex is inherent in soul; that the subtile sexual attraction binding soul to soul is not dependent upon the physical expression at all. And it is as real—more real I should say, even as all spiritual experiences are more real, as well as more enduring, than their physical expression or shadow. Let us also remember that the creative power inherent in sex is not by any means confined to the physical expression. The sexual union in animals and barbarians results in offspring; but the perfect union of intellectually, morally, spiritually cultured men and women of the nineteenth century means far more. This may or may not result in children, but it certainly should result in the creation of thoughts, inspirations and emotions that can never be obtained in all their splendor and perfection from any other source. Let us, then, erect in our homes a spiritual temple, and dedicate it to the boy-god, recalling him from his wanderings in demon-land. From such homes, where spiritual love hath illumined and made beautiful the commonest acts of life, shall go forth children that shall bless the world. As they go forth among men, aglow with perfect health, radiant with harmony, replete with that vital, life-giving magnetism born of love divine, how are their less fortunate brothers and sisters blest by their presence! The weak take on new courage and the strong new strength, while the vile and ignorant feel moved to shame over their wasted lives, and turn weeping and prayerful to touch even the hem of the garment of these healers and saviors of the world. When we have given to the world such fruits, no one will ask, "Is marriage a failure?"

CLARA, Pa., July 8, 1889.

OPTIONAL DEVOTION.—The *Christian Union*, in favoring optional devotion for college students, says:—"Cornell and Harvard, in making attendance at college chapel optional, have been compelled to provide something in the chapel which students may be expected to desire to hear. The young man who goes through either university and habitually absents himself from the college church shows not merely a total lack of spiritual life, but also a lamentable lack of intellectual ambition, and even of intellectual curiosity. For the optional system has revolutionized chapel methods. It has abolished the yellow-colored and faded sermon from the desk, and it has done as much for the religious teachers as for the student audience; for, while it has compelled the universities to call to their aid distinguished preachers from every Protestant denomination, it has also put those preachers on their mettle, giving them every stimulus which can inspire a noble ambition. They have a rare opportunity, an eager audience, the assurance that they can give much if they have much to give, and cannot expect to have again the opportunity to give anything if they do not prove an ability in some measure commensurate with their opportunity."

His life is ever paralleled even with the stroke and line of his great justice; he doth with holy abstinence subdue that in himself which he spurs on his power to qualify in others.—*Shakespeare.*

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate by Zara from the higher life, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Sun Angels' Order of Light.]

TO ONE AND ALL GREETING:—Zara is ever glad to come and bring to those in the valleys the blessings of the far away. Her heart is glad, for on this morn of your so-called holy days she may come e'en into the shadows of earth-land with the light of her love and wisdom, and many will receive. Dear ones struggling in the valleys, the mountain tops are not so far away. In the real, the enduring, you will find you have gained a height before unattained, when the mists have rolled from your sight, and you behold the light of your own possibilities, bright with fulfillment. Zara comes with the knowledge within, she has gleaned through such fields of life. Experience is a grand school, dear ones, though oft it seems most bitter. Zara can recall a time, not so far away, when with some of you she stood before the consecrating altar in the better land, when the time had come that called for earnest hearts and true to take their places, where only valiant ones might stand; for e'en in the heart of superstition "Saidie" would unfurl the banner of the higher heavens. Homes of light were silent; hearts of love beat high with expectation, not unmixed with trepidation, as the wise ones looked o'er the length and breadth of the land, and noted the inroads made by superstition and fear in the hearts and minds of its people—saw the cruel yoke of bondage mankind so willingly bore, heard the prayers and cries that went forth from the hearts of those who knew not that love existed anywhere, saw only its shadows all tinted with the blackness of despair. True lights here and there found place, but the masses were trying to extinguish every ray; and to lift up the beacon light of fadeless truth required the strong heart and willing hand of a sturdy pioneer, aided by the angel hosts, who watched and waited beyond the gates of circumstance that were soon to be opened by the hand of fate—an event in the history of the world that shall go down to future generations, not as has come to the present the advent time of him called the Saviour of the race; for this shall be written with the pen of knowledge, inspired by the brain of the angels who were met in council, before whom stood the willing ones, ready for the consecrating baptism that was to send them forth as teachers and helpers to mankind.

Dear ones, on whom the baptisms fell, who accepted the consecrating cup at the hands of our wisdom mother, wonder not we chant to you our gladness of heart! Look back o'er the years of your earth-lives, and see the leading of hands unseen, leading in wide-spreading and varying paths, until you are met and have clasped hands and greeted each other in the Order of Light. All is in fulfillment of promise made in the land of light and love ere you came earthward. "Ere you came earthward" has been the talismanic sentence that has echoed and re-echoed through many a heart that has found itself among the familiar scenes of the beyond, wondering why the scenes and faces are so familiar, who knew not in earth-life the deep meaning of many heart echoes that sounded sweetly familiar to the ear of the soul. There is a deep and sacred consciousness in many souls, who know not the depth of meaning that lies hidden away almost out of sight among the treasures that are unfading and perish not.

When Zara calls to mind the meeting before the consecrating altar, when she speaks of council and plan for the upbuilding of truth in earth-land, when she speaks of willing hearts who gladly accepted the mission they might fulfill that earth be blessed, will not many true-hearted ones almost remember? Will not her words have power to loop back the curtains that fall 'twixt the here and the there, and reveal to your understanding something of the realities that exist? Can you not almost recall scenes in which you bore a part "ere you came earthward"? Will not the memories of some long ago stir within the soul, and you be able to say, as with returning consciousness, "I remember, I rember"? Will not the veil of forgetfulness be lifted from many hearts, and the faces long loved be revealed, in part, to your vision?

Zara comes o'er the paths angels have paved from the far-away to the side of her own earth-pilgrim. She whispers to his soul of the long ago, tells him of other lives, and he responds oft, "Aye, I remember faintly." Faint are the echoes, dim the outlines, but these exist as truly and surely as God's angels live in the higher spheres, where alone they may build their homes.

To those who see these things but through material eyes, they are myths, uncertainties; but, dear ones, remember the time must come to you, as it will to all children of the Infinite, when you will see with the eyes of the spirit—when through unfoldment you will understand, as now you cannot, the fact of many incarnations, which is the only school of progress opened by the divine Author of our beings whereby man can unfold his divine nature, and reach the home he must build, own and occupy ere he become master over matter, positive to its requirements and able to prove his heirship to the Infinite. Then has life really and truly opened its doors before the human soul—then may we go on to enjoy the fruits that have ripened in many lands; but, underneath the same sun, that shines alike for all, gladdens alike each and every soul who can stand under its bright, benignant rays, a glorified, exalted and ransomed being. Then, all will wear their robes immortal, their triune crowns, and then dual souls are reunited on the plains of love and wisdom in the unbroken marriage, of which earth knows naught.

May the angels of light bless each one!

ZARA.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 14, 1889.

Work is not man's punishment; it is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure.—*George Sand.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

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EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Only as woman is exalted, honored and enlightened can we expect that the world can become better. As the mothers of the race, women are necessarily its saviors. The man who would speak slightingly of woman, or who would drag her down into the mire of his own lusts or evil thoughts, is a shame and disgrace to the mother who bore him. He should blush for his iniquities, and seek by the refining fire of discipline to purge himself thereof. Only the pure in heart are fitted for the companionship of good women.

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The crowded streets! What a medley of humanity! Eager faces, glad faces, puzzled faces; faces sodden with dissipation and distorted with crime; thoughtful, frivolous, wicked faces; young and joyous faces, wrinkled and careworn faces, loving and gentle faces—how they meet and mingle and flash by me, an unceasing, ever-changing kaleidoscope of humanity—never the same and yet always the same! Where will all these faces be ere long? All gazing upward with sightless eyes. A generation passes away and a new one takes its place, and the world moves onward without a break.

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"More! more!" That was the sad refrain of poor Oliver in Dicken's touching story. It is the cry of the great world of humanity in its struggle for the things of earth. More land, more houses, more income! Never contented or satisfied; always, and as long as life lasts, seeking for more! It is a perverted spirituality that prompts this unreasonable longing for temporal possessions. If men would put forth the same energy in the acquisition of the treasures of the spirit that they do to pile up worldly wealth, how grandly they would mount to the upper heights of being—become gods, as it were, both in this world and the next. Thus they would build for eternity, whereas now they mostly build for time.

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It is hard to let go and give up for one who has been wholly wrapped up in the things of time and sense. This world is his all. His elegant home, his lands, his accumulations of wealth—how can he give them over to other hands who never toiled to win them? Then life has been so sweet to him; he has had such a good time; and now he finds himself slowly drifting away. Old age, that once seemed so far away, is at last upon him. His energies are waning, and he realizes that he has nothing more to live for. But still he clings to life and to his possessions with a tenacity born of despair. If he could only turn his eyes from the past, away from the perishing baubles of time, and look forward to the life upon which he is about to enter; if he could only realize that the spirit can soar best that is least encumbered, and that only his good qualities will be of any use to him over there, we think he would not be long in cutting himself loose from all that chains him to earth.

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One of the essential conditions to spiritual growth is humility. "Unless ye become as little children," etc. And why not? What is man that he should be puffed up with vanity or pride? Did he come into the world inheriting a fortune accumulated by his ancestors? A few years hence he will go out of it owning positively nothing—not even his coffin. Was he born to honor or fame? A little while hence and not even the worms will respect his titles, even though he were a king. Is he the child of genius, swaying multitudes by the eloquence of his tongue or pen? Soon his right hand will lose its cunning, his voice be heard no more, and his ears will be deaf to the once welcome plaudits. And so, in all these things, wherein has man any "pre-eminence over the beast"? Should not this fact make him humble and modest in all his relations with the world? Here we are all learners in the primary school of life, and we know so very little of anything that we can hardly afford to consider ourselves great in any sense.

"I never felt so rich in all my life as now, and never had so little of this world's wealth," said a grand, good woman in our presence the other day. It was the true riches of the spirit that she possessed—riches that "neither moth nor rust can destroy, nor thieves break in and steal." She is a woman in perfect physical health, made so because of her almost harmonious life, and one who holds daily and almost hourly communion with the spirit world. The spirit of a beautiful girl, who passed to the other life in early infancy, now just developed into spiritual womanhood, came into her life a few years ago, and now is her constant companion and friend, and the gentle guardian of her home. This spirit entrances her, and speaks through her lips, and is to her all that a loving daughter could be in spirit. Into the heart of this woman has been instilled the beautiful lessons of love, charity and true happiness. She has learned that there are riches of the soul, priceless jewels of wealth, with which naught of earth can compare. And these are the treasures that are filling her life with joy.

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"Free thought!" Is such a condition of thought possible? Freedom to think is itself a condition of the brain, or of environment. Because we think differently from, or in opposition to, other people is no indication that we are *free* to think. The free-thinker, so-called, is one who denies the possibility of the existence of any form of life independent of a physical body, or that is not tangible to the physical senses. In other words, his thoughts are the veriest slaves of matter. He cannot think beyond matter. He is chained to the atoms of matter that compose his material form, and there he must remain until enfranchised by the uplifting of his own spirit, or the disintegration of death. To designate thought thus enslaved as *free* thought is a misnomer. Freedom belongs to the spirit, and is something altogether superior to matter. To deny or make light of the "things of the spirit" is no more indicative of freedom to think than was the jeering of the slaves of superstition that bound Bruno to the stake, or shouted, "Crucify him!" to the ignorant rabble that nailed Jesus to the cross.

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One of the startling lessons we learn from spirit communication is the suggestive one that countless multitudes of spirits on the other side of life are what is called "earthbound." That is, they are chained by an immutable law of their being to the conditions of life that environed them here. The duration of this condition depends upon the state of spiritual unfoldment of the individual, and of the spirit's aptness to learn the law of progression, and tear itself away from its pernicious habits. A man, for instance, who has been a rumseller, under protest, as it were—following the business for a livelihood, while at the same time he despised it—will rise much more rapidly than one who followed it for the mere love of the vile traffic. The latter, together with the spirits of misers, or those who accumulated wealth on earth by dishonest practices, or by oppressing the poor, find themselves earthbound when they enter spirit life. They live and grovel in spiritual darkness near their old haunts, often for ages, or until they are ready for advancement; and then some gentle, guiding hand will come to them to assist them into the light.

A BUSY LIFE.—Given good health, ambition, and talent and ability to do, there is scarcely a limit to one's usefulness here and power to achieve. But few persons, especially women, are blessed with that physical endurance that will enable one to assume so many duties in life's workshop as has this woman of whom we just now read—that she is an author, a doctor, an artist and an actress. The first two hours after breakfast are devoted to writing. From 10 to 12 she practices medicine in her office. Then she works at her easel till 6, and finds ready buyers for her pictures. After dinner and an hour's rest, she goes to the theater, where she plays the part for which she may be set down in the cast. Best of all, this same woman is a mother, knows how to make her own clothes, and is said to understand how to use her income from all her professions to the best advantage of herself and family. We doubt very much if a man would or could do as much with the care of children upon his mind and hands. The present age is giving us many surprising glimpses of the coming woman.

A FLOATING EXHIBIT.—"California on Wheels" has given a suggestion to Europe, upon which Germany is first to act. That country is going to dispatch next year a vast steamer, fitted up as a commercial museum, to all parts of the world. Concerts will add to its attractiveness in the various ports, which will include New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Vera Cruz, Havana, Laguayra, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Valparaiso, Callao and San Francisco. Nothing can be more interesting, attractive, or instructive, than these traveling national exhibits, and we rejoice that our glorious State has given the initiative to the world, as she takes the lead in so many of nature's blessings, beauties and products. The ovation that our exhibit on wheels met all through the East should be sufficient inducement to another and more complete exhibit of all our resources, together with our natural curiosities and wonders, that are as great as all the States east of the Rocky mountains combined, could produce. We must not stop with flowers and fruits.

A GRAND CONCEPTION IN ART.

About three months ago Professor Howard A. Streight (a fine likeness of whom, together with some reference to his works, appears on our first page) related to us a remarkable vision that he had had, and an impression of the higher powers that inspire his art to transfer the scene presented to his mind to canvas, as a contribution to the GOLDEN GATE and the cause of Spiritualism. It is needless to say that we were delighted with the high compliment, coming, as it did, from one of the first artists in America.

The canvas, 34x48 inches, was at once procured, and the work begun. It progressed steadily until last Saturday, when the artist informed us that the painting was finished. Elegantly framed, it now adorns the walls of this office, where we are pleased to invite all lovers of the beautiful to come and admire it.

The picture is a symbolical representation of the "Golden Gate." A "rainbow arch of glory" spans the heavens, beneath and through which, and just beyond the river of life, we behold the beautiful summerland. In the foreground lies the land of mortality, with paths leading down to the river, along which mortals are seen moving towards the points of their departure for the "other shore." At the points where the ends of the arch are lost in the mists of time and sense rise two beautiful columns or fountains, whose flowing waters catch the gleams of light from the central light that radiates the entire scene. But we will give the symbolism of the picture as furnished us by the artist.

SYMBOLISM OF "THE GOLDEN GATE."

The arch, composed of the primitive colors, red, yellow and blue, and their combinations, make the seven colors of the rainbow—a symbol of perfection and promise. The golden color represents wisdom, the red love, and the blue fidelity. The purple ground is a combination of the red and blue, or fidelity and love. These colors form the perfect arch through which mortals catch a glimpse of the summerland. The great central light represents Divine Truth shedding its light upon the distant hills and bringing out the mist-enshrouded features of the celestial landscape, with its homes and hospitals and institutions for the alleviation of the distressed and sin-sick mortals who have passed through the change called death.

Three of the hills represent Hope, Faith and Charity. Hope is nearest and brightest. Charity is farthest, while Faith stands between the two, but not conspicuous.

The stream symbolizes Life. On its bosom are many vessels sailing, but all have a landing on the other shore, where the passengers are met by the loved ones gone before. The fountains send forth the water from the River of Life, and the seeds planted by great reformers have sprung up, and some are bearing fruit.

The clouds of superstition are rolling back; the gate is open. The human heart is the keystone of the great arch, and from that keystone of love emanates a force divine which makes the round of the great circle, and binds humanity together in bonds of love forever.

The spiritual significance of this picture can only be fully appreciated by the unfolded soul. It will be a help and comfort to thousands in the coming years. In the name of our noble workers on the other side of life, we thank the generous artist for this priceless gift to the cause we love.

CLARK UNIVERSITY.

This new university, at Worcester, Mass., seems to be gotten up on a broader basis of common sense than usual. This is manifest in the provision that allows students, who show proficiency in any branch, to be admitted to all the advantages of laboratories and lectures, whether or not they be well enough advanced in all branches to enter an ordinary college. Free tuition has been provided for thirty meritorious students and for whom have been established eight fellowships, yielding four hundred dollars per year, and eight others yielding two hundred per year.

Jonas G. Clark is the founder, and he has made special provision for the best instruction in mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology and physiology. G. Stanley Hall, of John Hopkins University, is President. The Faculty numbers two California gentlemen: E. C. Sanford of the University of California of the class of 1883 instructor in physiology; Albert A. Michelson, of the United States Naval Academy, acting professor of physics.

This new institution of learning is based upon liberality, and designed to promote investigations of the sciences by those best fitted—those of natural aptitude for a special knowledge and study. While the various sciences are all related one to another more or less, all can not be grasped by one mind, but each may be a supplement to the other.

FIRE AT SUMMERLAND.—The fires that started in the Santa Ynez mountains last Saturday, swept through the Monticito valley and over nearly the whole of the Ortega Rancho, consuming the pasturage and the greater portion of the fences on the ranch. The residence and adjacent buildings were spared from the flames, which swept within ten feet of the barn. In a graphic description of the fire H. L. Williams writes that the flames seemed to leap hundreds of feet at a bound, consuming green bushes and trees like tinder. The only damage done in Summerland was the burning of two houses, the property of Wm. Bowley and E. T. Slight, and the store erected by Mr. Williams. All the buildings were insured and will be speedily rebuilt, Mr. Bowley having arranged to commence building immediately. Mr. Williams has about one hundred head of cows and horses on the ranch which escaped unharmed.

THE MARCHION NIEL.—A new and elegant house has just been opened by Mrs. E. L. Foss at the corner of Ellis and Jones streets, which evidently will be added to the list of fashionable boarding-houses of this city. Mrs. Foss has displayed great taste in furnishing, and has spared no means in making her new quarters an exquisite home for refined and cultured people. The rooms throughout are carpeted with moquette and Axminster, while the draperies and furnishings blend in such faultless perfection that the most fastidious and esthetic taste is gratified. Mrs. Foss thoroughly understands the needs of such a place, having proven her capabilities at the old stand, 227 Geary street. We wish the good lady all success in her new venture, and congratulate those fortunate enough to be thus delightfully housed at the "Marchion Niel."

UNFAIR.

We are surprised that the *Celestial City* should presume to sit in judgment on Summerland, and condemn the place without stint without the slightest knowledge of the facts. Is this the brotherly spirit that actuates our contemporary? Its editor should blush for such injustice. From nearly a column article, abounding in the grossest misrepresentations, we clip the following:

Far out on the Pacific Slope, hemmed in between a homely range of rugged, knotty, infertile mountains on the one hand, and on the other a dreary expanse of endless sea that has not even the activity of a surf, there lies a miserable, barren waste. Four consecutive months of each year no rains falls upon this parched, far-off land, while the sun's bright rays beat down and dry to pulverous dust the burning soil. Here is wanted to be established the new colony of Summerland, the future home of the Spiritualists of the world. No native fresh water is found within the border lines of this would be city of the future. All the fresh water it gets for the irrigation of this unfruitful land is forced there through pipes from a distance of four miles; and year in and year out has this sluggish soil sung its melancholy soliloquy in unison with the listless waters of the calm Pacific. To this forlorn and forsaken ragged edge of the western world are the owners and propagators of Summerland trying, by the wholesale suppression of all information relative to its *disadvantages*, to induce the people to come, trying to inveigle the innocent and the uninformed into giving up comfortable homes in the fertile fields of the East, and taking up their abode in this wretched colony.

Here is a soil as fertile as the valley of the Nile, an unlimited supply of pure mountain water, a climate of perpetual summer, neither hot nor cold, grand mountain, ocean and island scenery, a thickly settled and intelligent community, with a large and beautiful city only five miles distant, railroad and steamboat communication, etc. In its unfair and dishonest comments on Summerland, the *Celestial City* writes itself down as an unmitigated fabricator of misstatements. (We might be pardoned if we expressed ourselves in shorter words.)

The writer says that for "four consecutive "months of each year no rains fall upon this "parched, far-off land." That is one of the advantages that our farmers fully appreciate. The dry season comes in harvest time, and it enables the farmers to secure their great crops of grain and grapes without injury to the crops from rain. We would not have it otherwise.

We wonder if the *Celestial City* is aware that there are mustard stalks growing on that "sluggish soil" of Summerland of sufficient size for a boy to climb? It is true, nevertheless. Its editor had better learn something about California, and especially of the beautiful Summerland country, before he exhibits so large an expanse of ears as are manifest in the foregoing extract.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you kindly answer the following questions through the columns of your valuable paper? (*a*) Can immortality be demonstrated? (*b*) Do we attain immortality? And oblige, yours very truly, MRS. S. A. FELTER.

Sacramento, July 29, 1889.

(*a*) We can demonstrate, in many ways, that the spirit of man, as a conscious, individualized entity, survives the change called death. How long he will continue to exist is, of course, impossible of demonstration. We *believe* that the soul of man will exist forever, but we cannot *prove* it, for the reason that there is no end to forever, and no soul has got there yet, or ever will.

(*b*) Another question whereof the answer must be largely a matter of opinion. Immortality must be a condition of the spirit, as we know that the physical body, as an organized entity, is not immortal. Now, where there is no spiritual development in man—where he is a mere eating, drinking, fighting, disgusting animal, as he often is—what is there of him to become immortal? Still, he may be, nevertheless. If there is, or ever was, a type of humanity so low as not to be immortal, then, of course, immortality is attainable. Our own opinion is that man *does* attain immortality.

NOT GOD'S WORK.

A large portion of the so-called Christian world is yet crying out about the "awful visitation at Johnstown." The Young Men's Christian Association calls it "the voice of God and a warning of greater wrath to come." The shocking catastrophe is worked in all ways to frighten worldlings into the traces of piety. We know of one minister—pastor of an orthodox flock—Dr. Harcourt of our Howard-street Methodist church, whose God is incapable of doing such dastardly deeds; and so he tells his people that he does not believe God had anything to do with that terrible slaughter. We know Dr. Harcourt is not orthodox, but his church is; and yet we should say that Methodism is progressing toward liberalism to employ a pastor who does not see divine vengeance in the calamities of the day. Sinners are often accused of blasphemy, but we think so-called Christians, who can attribute such happenings as the Johnstown flood to God, are guilty of the greatest blasphemy possible. All the reading world knows that the Pittsburgh Fishing and Sporting Club had for many years held an ocean of water above the valley by a frail dam; that for some time before the disaster the dam was known to be unsafe. The result of this criminal carelessness on the part of men is being yet sounded from many a pulpit as God's displeasure. It is soul-sickening, and causes one to consider how much our boasted reformers need themselves reforming.

We don't believe there is a sinner on the globe who has so evil a conception of God as to blame him with the Johnstown horror, even though he knew nothing of the circumstances leading to its occurrence. When the day comes that man ceases reviling God for his own carelessness here, we may know the millennium is near.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—There are sixteen materializing mediums holding seances at the Onset Camp-Meeting.

—John Slater, who is now in the East, announces that he will return to this coast in September.

—Lake Pleasant and Onset Camp-Meetings are now under full headway, with a large attendance at each.

—Four new inhabitants in Summerland last week, and more expected. The longer the old ones remain the better they like it.

—Mrs. H. A. Starks, of Ceres, informs us that it is her intention to make a home at Summerland as soon as may be. Mr. and Mrs. Starks will be a valuable acquisition to the new colony.

—A plausible person, giving the name of Lionel Stagge, has obtained money from several persons on the strength of his alleged business relations with W. J. Colville. He is a swindler; look out for him.

—Mrs. Harris will take charge of a class in Theosophical and Mental Science Study, Tuesday, at 7:30 P. M., at 511 Turk street, in the Marguerite House. Those desirous of joining are invited to attend.

—We are pleased to learn that the Los Angeles Spiritualists are getting their eyes open to the shameless frauds that have been so long plying their vocation in that city, and which they have roundly condemned us for not upholding.

—Clotilda Wiegand is the name of the little miss, at No. 17 Seventh street, to whom we referred last week, as being controlled by a deaf mute to make artificial flowers. Some samples of her work in our possession evince remarkable skill.

—The inhabitants of Summerland met a few days ago and organized the Summerland Library Association. Steps will be taken at once to erect a $1,500 building on some lots donated by Mr. Williams for library purposes. A good part of the money has already been secured.

—The *Banner of Light* of July 27th says: "Two large-sized photographs of the California "'Summerland'" territory have been forwarded "to this office, which indicate a grand sea-view, "as well as mountain and valley. Those who "desire to see these views can have the opportun-"ity by calling at our counting-room."

—L. P. McCarty's *Annual Statistician and Economist* has grown to be a work of nearly seven hundred pages, giving a mass of facts and figures on almost every conceivable subject that is simply amazing. The work has come to be an imperative necessity to the intellectual and business world. Price, $4.00 in cloth; in leather, $5.00.

—*Light*, of London, of July 13th, says: "We "have once more cause for gratitude in having "received a second £100 note, which has reached "us without any clue being afforded to the iden-"tity of the donor." So there are grand souls in England, also, who are disposed to assist the earnest workers to spread the gospel of Spiritualism.

—Dr. Albert Morton's August number of *Psychic Studies* is at hand. Its principal "study" is on "Physical and Moral Education," and is a most able paper. Its "Editorial Notes" are mainly devoted to "Spiritualism—What Is It?" *Psychic Studies* is published monthly for $1 per annum. Address, Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco.

—We give "Onesimus Toole" a rest, this week, to make room for other and more pressing matters. Another chapter, and what appears to be the last, is at hand, and will be given next week. Those who have followed "Onesimus," and his interesting companions, in their various experiences, psychical and otherwise, will miss their delightful company.

—"I stopped over a half day at Summerland, "and found it as I expected, a charming spot, "and it only made it all the harder for me to "surrender the lots I had hoped to possess." So writes a correspondent, who had ordered four lots in Summerland, upon our recommendation, but who afterwards, from financial disappointments, was unable to take the lots.

—The veteran Spiritualist, Dr. G. B. Crane, of St. Helena, is sojourning temporarily at the Grand Hotel in this city, where, on Wednesday last, he and Mrs. Crane received a large number of friends, the special occasion being that, on that day, the Doctor entered upon his 84th year. He is yet as sound mentally as ever, and gives promise of many years yet on this side.

—A friend of the GOLDEN GATE, writing from Redding, Cal., says: "Every time I read your "valuable paper (by far the best Spiritualist pa-"per I have seen, to my taste) I feel like I "wanted to know you; whenever I read the edi-"torials, I want to shake hands, and thank "you for the kind, liberal and charitable spirit "you always manifest. I would there were more "such."

—W. J. Colville addressed crowded audiences again last Sunday, July 28th, at 10:30 A. M., in Grange Hall, National City, and at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M., in Opera House, San Diego. His classes during the week at Tremont Hall, San Diego, and Grange Hall, National City, are invariably large, and everyone seems deeply interested. All letters, etc., should be addressed box 148, San Diego.

—We have received from Bro. Moses Hull, of *New Thought*, Chicago, a copy of a remarkable lithograph, the ideal conception of Dr. Newcomer, representing the moral, intellectual and spiritual development of man, from the prehistoric savage to the highest type of humanity imaginable. The picture is indeed a study. A pamphlet of 50 pages accompanies the picture and furnishes a key to the same. Price of the picture and pamphlet, $3. For sale by Moses Hull & Co., 675 W. Lake street, Chicago.

—A few days ago, a young lady in Chico, who was engaged to be married, ran off with and married the groomsman. She thought, probably, as did her husband, that it would be a good joke on the disappointed party to whom she had promised her hand. She doesn't think so now, in her widowhood. A day or two after her marriage the two men met, fought, and both were killed, and the "happy bride" had a very "close call" herself. It was a dastardly act on the part of the groom, as well as the bride. There are few people who would enjoy such a joke.

BANKRUPTCY IN ENGLAND.

Bankruptcy in England is treated pretty much as a high crime. A member of Parliament who has lost his property and been adjudicated a bankrupt, at once loses his seat in that distinguished body. A mayor, alderman, counselor, guardian, overseer, member of school board or select vestry, also forfeits his office, if his business affairs are so manged as to render him unable to pay his debts. There are no exceptions to this rule of mammon in the British metropolis, and thus is character, brains and ability oft sacrificed to moneyed numb-sculls.

If bankruptcy be such a crime on the British isle, we should say it was high time its authorities were looking sharp after the hereditary and perpetual pension system, because the metropolis itself might at no distant day be in the same condition for which it condemns its servants.

Among the number of utterly useless and obsolete offices may be mentioned that of "hereditary grand falconer and master of the hawks," held by the Duke of St. Albans, at five thousand dollars a year for a century!

These payments becoming monotonous, and desiring to discontinue them, those in authority gave the Duke twenty-seven years pensions, the sum of one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. The transaction may have the desired effect of helping Parliament to appreciate the financial drain made upon the exchequer of England whose funds go so largely to support its royal paupers.

IN THEIR FAVOR.

It is very significant of a new state of affairs in the Old World, when the press take sides with, and advocates the rights of, the laboring classes. There lately terminated in Vienna a prolonged strike of street car employes. During the difficulty two hundred and six persons were wounded, including twenty soldiers and thirty-eight policemen; four hundred persons were arrested for rioting; private property was damaged to the extent of ten thousand pounds; the company was fined five thousand pounds by the City Council, while it lost three thousand by the cessation of traffic. The local press further demands that the "Company pay all fines imposed on arrested persons, for it was owing to the obstinacy of the corporation in refusing to grant the just demands of the employes that any trouble arose."

The concessions granted, while much to the employes, were not so great as to cause all the trouble and expense enumerated; and any corporation or company that would stand out against such demands of simple justice and humanity, deserve far greater loss than was incurred. The The strikers obtained a reduction of hours from sixteen to twelve, and extra pay was granted for extra time. The time is not long gone when laborers in the Old World dared not make such moves, nor the press to sustain them; but the world moves and mind and intelligence grows and humanity broadens.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins' Meetings at the Metropolitan Temple.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

According to announcement, the spiritual meetings hitherto held at the St. George Hall, on Market street, under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, were held at the Metropolitan Temple, on Fifth street, last Sunday. The morning lecture was delivered by Professor A. C. Pfuhl, the astrologer, the subject being "The Star of Bethlehem or the Polar Star." The gentleman is a very fine, sensitive medium, and is operated upon by spirit forces from the advanced spheres; his object seemed to be to explain the object and mission of the Nazarene from an astrological and spiritual standpoint. The ideas given out were probably different from those of the ordinary astrologer, but these "strange ideas" are the stimulus to all mental and moral progress. It is expected that the Professor will lecture upon "Insanity; Its Cause and Cure," next Sunday morning.

THE MEDIUMS' MEETING

Was held at the same hour as has been the custom. The change of location and the size of the hall robbed the gathering, to some extent, of that social, home-like feeling, which has made these meetings so interesting. It is the purpose of the directors to do away with so much of the common cold formality, and have more genuine spiritual sympathy distributed through the audience each session. G. F. Perkins presided and led the singing, with Mr. Fletcher of Oakland at the large organ, which, under his skillful manipulation, aided much in the process of magnetizing the building. The number in attendance was greater than was anticipated. Mr. Samuel Taylor assisted with the cornet, and by next Sunday the walls of the temple will re-echo some pretty hearty vocal music. Mr. Perkins read "The Bridge of Sighs," and Mrs. Perkins, under spirit control, offered an invocation, after which another control made a few remarks of welcome and gave the name of Mrs. Eliza McKinley. Remarks were made by Mr. Thompson. Professor Pfuhl and Mrs. Jennie also gave a number of tests. Groups were formed, instead of circles, and the many mediums present assisted in giving tests from spirit friends. There is no effort made to develop sensationalism; at these meetings the main object is to promote the cause of Spiritualism.

Many strangers expressed themselves as much pleased with the exercises, and the general opinion seemed to be that success will continue to be meted out to the managers of these developing meetings.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING

Was held at 7:30, and, although the number seemed small in so large a place, it was found that there was a larger number than was at first supposed, and altogether was much in advance of the expectations of the directors. G. F. Perkins read "The Unveiling of the Statue of Liberty," also "Foreign Views" of the same by Fred Emmerson Brooks. The cornet and flutes assisted the singing, and Oscar Stormfield gave a harmonica solo, Mr. W. Johansen a piano solo. Mrs. Thompson read an interesting essay on the temperance question. Mrs. Perkins succeeded in giving some of the most striking and positive tests that ever have been given in the hall. Every test but one was recognized, and that one was given to a lady who owned afterward that she came there for amusement and with a determination to deny everything given her, and further added that what she had received was correct. The only punishment to be meted out to such people should be that they receive the crushing conditions that are thrown upon the medium on such occasions. And much to our regret many Spiritualists, and mediums too, have a touch of this spirit-crushing influence about them when they are in a hall. These meetings will be conducted, if possible, in this hall hereafter, and with the same high and honest purpose. Success is bound to reward honest mediums in their work. It may take time to combat with the selfish, worldly atmosphere of ordinary people who visit these halls, but, "sink or swim, live or die," *we are for the right.* There will be extra attractions next Sunday. Those who cannot afford to pay the ten cents admittance will be given free passes. Children and mediums are admitted free.

G. F. PERKINS.

Mrs. Whitney at Onset.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Onset spiritual camp-meeting this season is a glorious success, and the good work of spirit communion is the order of the day. Nature has been kind, and this beauty spot of the East is unsurpassed for loveliness. Healthful, and so beautiful! There is no lovelier place on the Coast. A beautiful temple graces the place. We had the pleasure, for the first time, in being one of a goodly number who convened at the temple at a public test seance, in which Mrs. J. J. Whitney of your city was the leading spirit. Her powers as a platform test medium are unsurpassed. Her control holds her audience "spellbound." The tests are clear, recognized, astounding, and I am glad, Mr. Editor, to add our testimony to thousands of golden opinions she has received throughout the Union. She needs no encomium from our pen, for "by their works shall ye know them." May this noble lady long live to shed the golden light of truth and inspiration upon humanity! She has done a great work here and made many life-long friends. Yours fraternally,

DUMONT C. DAKE.

ONSET BAY, Mass., July 23, 1889.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The interest manifested in Professor Charles Dawbarn's lectures is unabated, the hall being filled Sunday evening to hear his lecture, the subject being "Man and Animals." Those who do not attend his course are missing a rare opportunity for gaining instruction in practical Spiritualism. Those present were deeply interested, and the greatest attention was given to catch every word of his grand lecture so full of food for thought, and none would have objected to having it prolonged a half-hour, as was the case the Sunday evening preceding. Beautiful solos were given by Mrs. Eugenie Clark. The afternoon conference was also an interesting meeting. Short addresses were made by Messrs. Collins, Fair, and Dr. Grattan of Stockton, who gave some of his experiences in phenomena, as did also Colonel Hopkins. Mrs. Scott-Briggs made a few remarks; singing by Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Cook, who kindly volunteered. Mrs. Taylor spoke under control, and gave tests. A conference meeting will be held Sunday at 2 P. M., and lecture in the evening by Mr. Dawbarn.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Sec.

Prof. Ormerod's Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A circle was held Sunday morning by the controls of Professor Ormerod at 909 1-2 Market street, in which many received evidence of the presence of spirit friends. A number of names was also given, which clearly identified the spirits communicating. All received something from the spirit side, and went away well satisfied, knowing that the hour thus spent was not wasted.

In the evening the usual interesting psychometric readings and tests were given, and for more than one hour the audience, which was both large and intelligent, was deeply interested. Grand results were obtained, and, despite the fact that the medium was suffering with a severe headache, the readings were recognized almost to a unit. And thus the glorious cause of spiritual truth moves along in its own peculiar channel, dropping a seed here and there, or throwing out a ray of sunshine where least expected, and ever and anon bringing gladness and happiness to the hearts of many. The time of meeting will be at 2:30 in the afternoon and 8 o'clock in the evening. The public is cordially invited.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 29, 1889.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Mrs. Logan's Circle of Harmony, in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, Sunday at 11 A. M., enjoyed a rich treat in the lecture on "Psychology and Its Relation to Spiritualism," by Dr. Moore, of San Jose. A discussion of the subject was intended, but mediums being controlled, they were allowed to have the floor most of the time of the second hour of the meeting.

A dear little lady of twelve Summers had been assisted by her spirit guides to make beautiful paper flowers, some of which she had with her; and after a speech by Mr. Hodgkins, in which he stated that her mother was a widow and unable to do a day's work, and seemingly that this gift had been developed to enable them to sustain themselves, he hoped that the audience would buy the beautiful flowers she held in her hands. One by one the flowers were taken, for which she realized nearly three dollars, and said, "O, how pleased my ma will be." She also became entranced and gave a test to a German in the audience.

Mr. Dean spoke beautifully in a trance state. Mrs. Dr. Winzell made remarks, and a gentleman stated that he was traveling in the interest of the Odd Fellows, organizing societies, etc., but must say he never had attended a meeting that he liked better. The lecture and all was instructive and harmonious.

Mrs. Logan stated that the meetings were for the express purpose of aiding mediums in their development, and to give all an opportunity to unfold their talents, and that they would meet again at 11 o'clock next Sunday. The music was fine—by Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Rutter,—but old fashioned congregational singing was also recommended.

—The day before the unveilment in Rome of the statue erected to the memory of Bruno, whom the Church roasted "for Christ's sake," the Papal party scattered throughout Rome circulars denouncing all who would take part in the ceremony as "miscreants bearing the black livery of "Satan," and saying it would be "a permanent "insult to God, to Christ, and to his Vicar on "earth." The poor old Vicar, etc., must cheer up. It is hard lines, we admit—right at his doors, too. But he must remember that the "world moves." The Roman Church ought to catch the spirit of the age (and would if it were wise), and erect a statue to the memory of every martyr it ever burnt at the stake. Such an act of penitence would well nigh exhaust the marble quarries of Italy.

Oakland Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A few thoughts, occupying a small space in your columns, will inform the public what some of the ladies of Oakland are doing. As stated some time ago, a society formed from members of The Oakland Spiritual Society, banded themselves together for the purpose of raising funds to help pay for a lot on which we intend to erect a building suitable to hold our meetings in. We have met each Thursday afternoon and spent a few hours together constructing articles and garments useful in every household. We have also made two silk and velvet quilts, which are nearly completed, on which we hope to raise a goodly sum of money by selling tickets therefor. Next month we intend holding a fair, when we hope to dispose of all articles on hand. When the price of tickets and time of fair is decided on we will give you due notice. Some beautiful blocks have been sent to us from ladies in adjoining towns and cities.

We also have a social and literary entertainment the last Wednesday evening in each month; every one, we can truly say, has been a success. Our next social will be held on August 7th, at the house of Mrs. T. E. Gaither, 1304 Eighth street, Adeline station. A good program and good time generally is anticipated. At the socials a collection is always generously responded to by each one present. We invite all who can to visit us on the evening of the coming social and thereby help us along in the good work.

Here allow me to say a word in regard to our Children's Lyceum: Many new scholars are now coming in; their coming creates a new interest. An effort is being made to collect books to form a library suitable for the children to read. Some very nice books have already been donated, and if there are other persons having books that they can, or will, give us, they will be thankfully received. Last evening's monthly entertainment at Fraternity Hall, testified to the good work being done by those interested in the lyceum.

"Sweet songs from infant lips how sweet to hear,
O listen, friend, is heaven drawing near?"

Our afternoon meetings are also well attended, Sister Cowell presiding. Many good tests are given by her to persons who give a word of encouragement or experience, etc.

Hoping I have not trespassed on your valuable time and space, I will close by signing myself

Yours, Fraternally,

MRS. H. L. BIGELOW,
President Ladies' Industrial Society of Oakland.
1304 Eighth st., July 25, 1889.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The progressive Spiritualists of Oakland met last Sunday to hold their usual exercises. There was a good attendance both afternoon and evening, Mrs. Cowell presiding. At the afternoon meeting our little medium, Lizzie Plimley, drew a very pretty crayon picture under control. We are pleased to say our little medium is improving in her drawing. The picture represented an Indian scene, with mountains in the distance, and a river of water with Indians and canoes on it; on either side was a bank with trees and shrubbery.

In the evening was given an entertainment by the members and friends. Mrs. Cowell opened the meeting with invocation; afterwards a song by the congregation was tendered; Miss Laura Demorest gave a recitation, "Song of the Robin"; singing, "They Are Coming," by the members of the Lyceum; Mrs. Domes favored us with a piece, "An Original Poem"; instrumental music by Charles Wright, "Prisoner and the Swallows"; recitation, "The Polish Boy," by Rudolph Rosenberg; recitation, "God is Great and Good," by Cora Reichert; song by Mrs. Knott, "Why Do Summer Roses Fade"; recitation by Mrs. Loudon, "My Kate"; song, "Birdie, Birdie, Where is Your Nest," by Miss Gertie Grant; recitation, "The Loved and Lost," by Mrs. Bigelow; piano duet by Mrs. Swain and Miss Maud Weir; Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan closing the evening with tests. The programme was full and varied, and rendered with much satisfaction. A number of tests, also, were recognized. Next Sunday evening lecture and tests will be given. We invite all to come. Meeting commences at 7 P. M.

MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

The Truth Coming Uppermost.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As I write to renew my subscription to the GOLDEN GATE (which it truly is), I wish to endorse it as a promulgator of pure truths that will uplift the soul and cause one to almost forget the cares and sorrows of earth life in its perusal. Midst the struggle of sifting truth from fraud, and in being compelled to withdraw the hand of fellowship from those we once supposed possessed some of the grandest gifts of mediumship, who have proved to be frauds and engaged in laying deep, dark plots for the sake of enriching themselves, to ensnare those who seek truth and communion with loved ones gone before, trifling with the most sacred feelings of the human heart, may success attend you in your noble efforts for the truth!

E. H. ANDROSS.

LOS ANGELES, July 28, 1889.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting of the Union Spiritual Society on last Wednesday evening was opened by singing by the audience, followed by a lecture by Mrs. M. E. Price, after which Mr. Adams and Mrs. Scott-Briggs, the President, made a few remarks. After singing by the audience the meeting was formed into several circles, and tests were given by Dr. C. B. Dewey, Professor Adrian Ormerod, Mrs. Ladd Finnegan, Mrs. D. N. Maxwell, Mrs. M. E. West, who gave a large number of tests. The meeting is drawing a large number of investigators, and doing a great deal to advance the cause of Spiritualism. The meeting opens at 7:45 every Wednesday evening, and everybody is invited to attend, No. 111 Larkin street.

July 31, 1889.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, —— dollars."

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Dr. A. B. Dobson, Maquoketa, Iowa, Clairvoyant Physician and Magnetic Healer of marvelous power. Has been in active practice nearly thirty years.

His vegetable medicines receive magnetic power higher than human or earthly agency, and in treating diseases at a distance with this medicine, his success is remarkable. His practice is very large, both at home and abroad, and he is daily in receipt of numerous letters expressing the profoundest gratitude, acknowledging wonderful relief and complete cures performed by his band of invisibles, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, dyspepsia, bronchitis, diseases of the liver, heart and kidneys, tumor and dropsy, in fact, every disease that flesh is heir to, they have successfully treated.

Sufferers, you that have failed to get relief from any other source, try this strange and marvelous man. Magnetized medicine and paper sent under direction of his Spirit Band of Doctors for each case; enough to last first month for $2.00. In many cases this is sufficient, but if a perfect cure is not effected, $1.15 per month after. Send three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, sex, age, one leading symptom, and he will tell you what ails you, free. Medicine sent by mail, postage free. The best of references given if required.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission 1 cents. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

CIRCLE OF HARMONY—MEETS EVERY SUNDAY at 11 A. M. in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street. Mediums and speakers especially invited. All welcome to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan presiding.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES IN MASONIC LODGE Room, B. B. Hall, 121 Eddy street, Sunday evening. Lecture and tests by H. W. Abbott and James McCann. Admission, 10 cents.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN ASKS PERMISSION TO state through the columns of the GOLDEN GATE, that she is rapidly recovering from her illness, and seems to have developed the Spirit of Prophecy and Interpretation of Dreams, in addition to Healing and Poetical Communications. Will hold Developing Circles every evening, Room 23, 841 Market street, San Francisco. Persons at a distance will please write out the dream and enclose $1 00 to insure an answer.

Address, MRS. F. A. LOGAN,
841 Market St., San Francisco.
jl20tf

The Personal Power of Truth over Soul and Body.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Dr. Lyman Abbott of Plymouth church says:

"We see not the slightest reason to suppose that the soul is dependent for its existence upon the body. We see the body waste away and the soul grow stronger. We see the body grow old and the soul lose nothing of its fire and hope and life of its youth."—*Christian Union.*

Why not apply this same language to the mother and her infant, and with the same unfitness of logic? Say we see no dependence of the infant upon the mother for existence. The statement may embody some truth at some particular stage of the soul's growth and development, and then, on the other hand, it may be essentially untrue at another period of life and growth. Why is it that soul and body are so closely bound together if the one be not dependent on the other? It seems to me that which ministers to its life, growth and its well-being is necessary to its existence. Why is it not as necessary for the soul to depend upon the body as for electricity to depend upon a machine or instrument in order to speak to its own identity?

Moreover, there is a volume of proof on this mammouth question that the Rev. Dr. Abbott is a stranger to, and which is obnoxious to him and his theory. The knowledge we gather from the further side of life enables us to say with vehemence that the soul, in certain directions, is as powerless to get on from the spirit side of life as on this, even with whatever body it may have. Indeed, we must go further and understand that the soul is never without its correlative body corporate, wherever it be, whether in spirit or the foregoing mundane life. For the spirit body is not only a duplicate of this earthly tabernacle, but the one is so identical with the other that many cannot discern the difference between them.

This fact, that the soul, wherever it be, is not without its proper body, constitutes the final answer to Dr. Abbott's theory, and well-nigh closes the debate thereon. But there are other proofs that it may be of interest to know.

Intelligent travelers who have journeyed over report from the spirit side, and confess themselves weak and deficient in celestial and soul capital to go on. They find themselves in need of a certain kind and amount of spirit sustenance, which they are powerless to obtain in their new spirit realm. Mary Bates, for example, says: "Somehow, I cannot grow. I ain't a rosebud nor a thornbush. I guess I am more of a thornbush than a rosebud, but I can't grow." She was informed that her return to earth and communicating would help her to grow spiritually. "That is the way I want to grow."

Facts are jewels in the chain of an argument. Let us point to another: The ancient Saint Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, is a witness to our question. Spirit M. Faraday* compelled this Christian forger and pious impostor, against his will, to come to earth and confess to some particulars of his life-long deceptions. In a temper of anger he breaks forth and asks, "Who are you that with impious hand dares to profane the sacred record of the Holy Church? . . . Yes, I had something to do with what you call tampering with the records. Why did I do it? Because it was time that power was taken from the hands of murderers and placed in those of the chosen of God. What if Theodosius was deceived? What if we did construct an ideal character and uphold it to the world as a revelation from God?" . . .

"What did you do to the Roman records of the preceding ages?"

"We placed within their pages paragraphs relating to the assumed personal history of our God (Jesus). We did even more than this, for we took the sacred writings of philosophers and schools of religious thought, and wove them carefully into books which we constructed to support our claims. We changed them from the original text sufficiently so they would not be recognized. [A pause.] Well, this is a strange atmosphere for me to be in. I came here almost hating you. Can I be wrong? Is the Church a lie? What is this around me here? I do not know myself. I have grown light. Where am I? What does this mean [looking over the medium's person]? Tell me where am I. I do not understand. Why am I up here? There is the Cathedral way down there. Am I not in Milan?"

"No; you are in America."

"Who is that up there?"

"APOLLONIUS OF TYANA."

[Here he seemed greatly surprised to see that spirit.]

"Yes, I have told the trush, but I did not think it would seem so strange. Does telling the truth make people grow white? Do these dark garments of the Church signify lies?"

A great confession! Thus we have another example of the spirit or soul of this distinguished sinner as he reluctantly comes to earth and to an earthly body, and through proxy gathers earthly pabulum sufficient to rebuild his soul and spirit body of bright and wholesome material. He is now a fit denizen for higher spheres and better company. Fifteen hundred years in the shadowed confines of spirit gloom and of arrested growth failed to advance his soul-self.

The philosophy of this sudden ethical growth is analagous to what chemists call catalysis. Catalysis is a change of presence. It is explained or illustrated by another fact: One of the forms in which the metal platinum occurs is that of a black powder, called platinum black. If this platinum be placed upon a paper filter in a glass funnel, and alcohol poured in and allowed to slowly percolate through, that alcohol is, in its passage through the platinum, turned to acetic acid or vinegar. The chemical action between the metal, alcohol and the surrounding atmospheric air constitutes the change of presence. Atoms of oxygen from the air are transferred to the alcohol and converts it to acetic acid. The singular fact is that the platinum has undergone no alteration. It has lost nothing and gained nothing. So likewise we have soul chemistry. The seance room is the laboratory; the medium or his body takes the place of the metal platinum. The surrounding atmosphere of truth is a prime factor; the result, a changed increment of soul and body. Likewise the medium has lost nothing and gained nothing. But Ambrose and Mary Bates, by change of presence or the power of truth, are speedily clothed in bright vesture and with raiment of truth and wisdom.

A. S. HUDSON, M. D.

STOCKTON, Cal., July 20, 1889.

*"Jesus Christ a Fiction," by M. Faraday.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Suggested Thought.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

In looking over a few old papers, I find this question continually before my eyes. So repeatedly has the interrogation forced itself upon my attention, that I feel called upon for an answer. I know of but one kind of marriage—the union of principles, forming a step upon which may rest the next tread in the flight of life. In its true sense, I should say it can never be a failure. Should you have under consideration the various unions of principles in the moral and intellectual make-up of two distinct personalities represented by a male and a female, who have agreed to try and consummate this amalgamation of soul, I should be compelled to decide that as often as a union is effected in their mental attitude toward each other, and the result of a new soul conception for both be born, *that* marriage may in no wise be termed a failure. Should the *majority* of their faculties thus harmoniously wed, I should rate the mating of those two souls at just such a percentage of success. Should they prove to be true soul-mates, time only is required to bring about the perfect marriage of their entire being, and a full-orbed angel would, I suppose, be born of such wedlock. Then these two souls, united into a divine angel, might be said to have passed into the inheritance of their offspring.

If the so-called marriage be simply a social compact, entered into for selfish or foolish ends, then surely every such attempt at amalgamation is a *failure.*

Husbands and wives carry in their hearts and on their faces the true answer to the question, "Is marriage a failure?" But since, according to the law of progress, we are led to believe that full-orbed angels are constantly being evolved, marriage cannot be a failure.

AN INSTANCE OF THE PROGRESSIVE ACTION OF OUR MORAL CONCEPTION AS CONCERNED IN THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

Ages ago every act received back its own kind, force for force. The angle of reflection was equal to the angle of incidence, there was no known power capable of receiving the projected animosity, transmuting its energy into another force, and of sending it in another direction. When a man struck another, he immediately felt a return blow. Gradually, as man's idea of morals grew more sensitive to the influence of progress, he did not strike back, but contented himself with harboring revengeful feeling. Still later, he learned to forgive an injury, and strove often to even forget. But, now, nothing will fulfill the demands of an enlightened soul but the *power* to not even *harbor anything to forgive.* We must feel that all is the Father's—that nothing is ours as a finality, since the conflict is one of principles and not personalities. Such a state of soul is far in advance of that which strives to forgive and forget, since it *never hath remembered.*

We who are striving to open our souls to the influx of divine conceptions feel that these present years will be recognized as the renaissance of spiritual understanding. Old things are singing a "new song" to us. The past rehearses its action in the present, and the future beckons within our vision. Lines of thought converge, and by considering their direction we may determine where they must focus. Wherever exists a mortal capable of accomplishing work, their lies within his environment the work to be done—cause and effect are inseparable. Even straws, they say, show which way the wind blows; and who knows but the wearing of the *green* by Dame Fashion this year may unconsciously express the desire of humanity to get back near the root of things and begin over again the expression of each genera of being? While may not the appreciation of the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" lie deep in the ripeness of the soul of the people for the reception of the knowledge of the force of love to dissipate the antagonisms of hate; also, of the dignity of childhood?

ADVICE TO INQUIRERS—THE CONDUCT OF CIRCLES.

By "M. A. (Oxon.")

If you wish to see whether Spiritualism is really only jugglery and imposture, try it by personal experiment.

If you can get an introduction to some experienced Spiritualist on whose good faith you can rely, ask him for advice; and if he is holding private circles, seek permission to attend one to see how to conduct seances, and what to expect.

There is, however, difficulty in obtaining access to private circles, and in any case, you must rely chiefly on experiences in your own family circle, or amongst your own friends, all strangers being excluded. The bulk of Spiritualists have gained conviction thus.

Form a circle of from four to eight persons, half, or at least two, of negative, passive temperament and preferably of the female sex, the rest of a more positive type.

Sit, positive and negative alternately, secure against disturbance, in subdued light, and in comfortable and unconstrained positions, around an uncovered table of convenient size. Place the palms of the hands flat upon its upper surface. The hands of each sitter need not touch those of his neighbor, though the practice is frequently adopted.

Do not concentrate attention too fixedly on the expected manifestation. Engage in cheerful but not frivolous conversation. Avoid dispute or argument. Skepticism has no deterrent effect, but a bitter spirit of opposition in a person of determined will may totally stop or decidedly impede manifestations. If conversation flags, music is a great help, if it be agreeable to all, and not of a kind to irritate the sensitive ear. Patience is essential, and it may be necessary to meet ten or twelve times at short intervals, before anything occurs. If after such a trial you still fail, form a fresh circle. Guess at the reason of your failure, eliminate the inharmonious elements, and introduce others. An hour should be the limit of an unsuccessful seance.

The first indications of success usually are a cold breeze passing over the hands, with involuntary twitchings of the hands and arms of some of the sitters, and a sensation of throbbing in the table. These indications, at first so slight as to cause doubt as to their reality, will usually develop with more or less rapidity.

If the table moves, let your pressure be so gentle on its surface that you are sure you are not aiding its motions. After some time you will probably find that the movement will continue if your hands are held *over,* but not in contact with it. Do not, however, try this until the movement is assured, and be in no hurry to get messages. When you think that the time has come, let some one take command of the circle and act as spokesman. Explain to the unseen Intelligence that an agreed code of signals is desirable, and ask that a tilt may be given as the alphabet is slowly repeated at the several letters which form the word that the Intelligence wishes to spell. It is convenient to use a single tilt for "no," three for "yes," and two to express doubt or uncertainty.

When a satisfactory communication has been established, ask if you are rightly placed, and if not, what order you should take. After this ask who the Intelligence purports to be, which of the company is the medium, and such relevant questions. If confusion occurs, ascribe to the difficulty that exists in directing the movements at first with exactitude. Patience will remedy this, if there be a real desire on the part of the Intelligence to speak with you. If you only satisfy yourself at first that it is possible to speak with an Intelligence separate from that of any person present, you will have gained much.

The signals may take the form of raps. If so, use the same code of signals, and ask as the raps become clear that they may be made on the table, or in a part of the room where they are demonstrably not produced by any natural means, but avoid any vexatious imposition of restrictions on free communication. Let the Intelligence use its own means; if the attempt to communicate deserves your attention, it probably has something to say to you, and will resent being hampered by useless interference. It rests greatly with the sitters to make the manifestations elevating or frivolous and even tricky.

Should an attempt be made to entrance the medium, or to manifest by any violent methods, or by means of form manifestations, ask that the attempt may be deferred till you can secure the presence of some experienced Spiritualist. If this request is not heeded, discontinue the sitting. The process of developing a trance medium is one that might disconcert an inexperienced inquirer. Increased light will check noisy manifestations.

Lastly, try the results you get by the light of Reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told, for though the great unseen world contains many a wise and discerning spirit, it also has in it the accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error; and this lies nearer to the surface than that which is wise and good. Distrust the free use of great names. Never for a moment abandon the use of your reason. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity. Cultivate a reverent desire for what is pure, good, and true. You will be repaid if you gain only a well-grounded conviction that there is a life after death, for which a pure and good-life before death is the best and wisest preparation.

THE most remarkable kiss upon record is that which was given by Queen Margaret to Alain Chartier more than 400 years ago. He was a poet, but the ugliest man in France. During his life-time he enjoyed a wonderful reputation, but after his death he was forgotten. He is now chiefly remembered on account of the kiss which the queen pressed on his dreaming lips one day, as she found him sleeping, saying to her maid as she did so: "I kiss not the man; I kiss the soul that sings."

PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLICATIONS.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Few Suggestions.

BY MAURITZ S. LIDEN.

Spiritualism has its millions of honest, earnest workers, who do all they can to advance the cause which is synonymous with advancing humanity. These workers neither ask nor expect renumeration, in the usual meaning of the term; their reward is sure, if their philosophy is true. But, like all workers who strive to advance any system or institution upon their individual knowledge, they often find that their advance is slow, unsatisfactory and uncertain. These same people, if they were to embark in any ordinary business enterprise, would hesitate to invest much money in anything they knew as little about as they usually do of Spiritualism. True, they can "spout" or mouth over a vocabulary that they have gleaned through books, from undeveloped mediums, and other sources both legitimate and questionable. Not that one word should be said against the thousands who have actually studied our phenomena first, and then the philosophy that explains it, and also teaches us how we may profit by it. But, people of this class seldom rush into print, and seldom, if ever, offer the rich store-houses of their knowledge and experience in public, unless it be to defend some cardinal principle. But, the other class—that is, the phenomena hunters—are ubiquitous and rampant (they may be honest and earnest enough, too), and, in their ignorant frenzy to let the world know that Spiritualism is abreast—yea, ahead of the times, and that they individually are the shining lights of the *cult*—they do more damage in one speech or harrangue (editors usually throw out their vaporings, so they can not have the power they otherwise would) than they can ever remedy in a life time.

There are a great many who want to see our cause the foremost "religion" of the world, and these same people always leave when any contribution is expected, and they always take a spiritual paper—if any one will lend it to them. Then there are others, who for forty years have given position, time, money, and all that they hold dear, to advance humanity through the best system we now have for that purpose—namely, Spiritualism. But their efforts have been abortive—their work has been unrequited. Why? Ah, you may well ask how can men, who have amassed fortunes in the ordinary walks of life, lose all their power of managing and directing when it comes to advancing humanity.

After many years of chagrin, and at times almost despair, they find that they were not trained for the business they undertook, and that they had done something they would never have been guilty of under any other circumstance; they neglected to place it in the hands of those competent to carry it through. True, there were many mediums convenient, whom, through physical organization, long training and the highest influences, were ripe for this grand work; but they had to "go it alone" on their own resources, and it is often the case that, while a person may be par excellence as a medium, they will be utter failures as managers and financiers. So, while those who had the means were experimenting (?), the ones who most need these means to further the very object wanted were left to starve, enter orthodox or liberal pulpits, or else embark as theosophists and occultists, Christian scientists; and who knows of the many shifts they had to make to keep their spirit in their body, much less to use it for others to manifest through. The time is coming when some concert of action must take place, or we—yes, the whole world—will lose all that has been gained by trial, persecution and privation for the last forty years. (I myself, as an individual, cannot see or understand this; it is the influence that directs these thoughts that will have to be responsible for this and other statements.)

It stands to reason, if former experience is any guide post to direct us in this maze of roads, that a system must be resorted to, or all will go by the board. You may say, "Look at the grand strides it has made in these few years under this misrule; now, with our increased knowledge and additional recruits from the ranks of other learned professions, I cannot see any cause for alarm." Then, we would ask you where are the veterans who have from its infancy been its champions? Those who have not passed over are out of the field altogether, or are under pay of alien *cults*. But, let us haste to the living present, there we have in the place of those dropped out others more or less qualified to teach the science of humanity to humanity and for humanity's sake. *Do you want them to stay or desert?* Here is the plan we would suggest: In the first place, count heads—that is, let some person, or persons, who are sufficiently interested in the matter, make a record of all *true, genuine* and thoroughly *reliable* mediums and speakers. Divide the country up into "circuits" as best suited to the topography of the country and the best means of transportation and accommodations. Let the several societies form a "trust," if you will, and get, say for a circuit of ten societies, ten mediums and speakers under "iron-clad" engagement, and have them furnish substitutes in case they cannot possibly be present. If you are not rich enough to get the best talent, change off with each other, send your best local talent, and who knows the one who may have been very humdrum "in his own country" may make the spiritual welkin ring in some neighboring society. But, of all things, pay your mediums, even they have to eat, and some do occasionally. By the way, some of them are treated, it seems, as if it really was a disgrace to be an instrument for the "angel world," except just at the times when some *sponge* is getting tests.

Don't sit down and *long* for the time when there will be no more need of public mediums, for, if you do, you will find that it will be a *long* time indeed.

Develop home mediums by all means, but do not neglect those who first gave you the first glimpse of light by being brave enough to stand public opinion and private neglect.

Let every society, no matter how small, instruct its secretary to engross a set of resolutions, be they ever so simple, and send them to the World's Spiritual Congress to meet in Paris this coming September. Do this—it will carry a psychic influence with it that cannot be estimated. And, beside, it is the duty of us all to show our full strength upon as memorable occasion as this. Do not let anything deter you, but *move* in this matter.

If there are but three Spiritualists in the country, make it a point to meet once a month, at least, and in a short time our friends will see that you will not lack for company. Perhaps, I am too enthusiastic—if so, I invite some old fogy, who has had "forty years of it," to sit on me, but at the risk of being inculcated by this same enthusiasm.

Soon winter, with its long evenings, will be here; spend it in stocking your mind with good literature, whether spiritual or not; and, if you get a good thing, do not be afraid to give it circulation, even should you lose a book or paper by the operation.

Letter from San Diego.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

San Diego is well to the front at the present time in all directions, and despite some complaint about hard times which one hears everywhere, it is safe to say the future of this lovely city by the sea is well secured. Property can now be bought on much easier terms than formerly and business is not as rushing as it once was, but one has only to watch the solid development and improvement everywhere to see that the prophets of evil are either blind or jealous. As the city grows steadily instead of feverishly, as it grew two or three years ago, the people are giving themselves to culture in every department; great interest is taken in all educational matters, schools already good are rapidly growing better, while literature and art are flourishing among the citizens.

The Mozart Club, an exceedingly fine musical organization, gave a superb concert on Friday evening, July 19. Mr. and Mrs. Fairweather are leading lights in that most excellent society, which aims to render the works of the greatest composers as they should be rendered by a uniformly good company of talented amateurs as well as professionals.

Great and growing interest is manifest in the work of W. J. Colville, who is attracting a larger number of thinking people than on any of his three previous visits to this city. His afternoon instructions in theosophy at Tremont Hall are exceedingly popular, every chair is occupied at almost every session. National City has secured his services for Sunday mornings and Tuesday and Thursday evenings; his time is consequently very fully occupied, still he finds time for a great deal of literary work and many pleasant excursions to the various points of interest in this picturesque neighborhood.

On Sunday last, July 21, the meetings at Louis Opera House were very largely attended, the afternoon lecture on the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, called at different hours of the day but all given the same recompense at nightfall was an intensely interesting and instructive exposition of a subject which has long and often perplexed many a student of the gospels.

In the evening a fine lecture was delivered on "Man and his destiny according to the spiritual philosophy." Such discourses must be heard or read entire to be appreciated, so it seems idle to attempt any abstract.

The GOLDEN GATE does not have the circulation here it would have, if more freely introduced; as it is it can only be obtained at a few of the news-stands and there it is sold at ten cents a copy. (The GOLDEN GATE is furnished to all newsdealers at three cents a copy, and there is no reason why they should not sell it at 5 cents.—ED. G. G.) Some one should be appointed agent who will sell it at five cents, which is all the stationers ask for it in Los Angeles and it costs no more to send it to San Diego.

The first Spiritual Society is in a flourishing condition with Mrs. Bushyhead as president and many active members cooperating with her. W. J. Colville's work is under the auspices of that body. The Theosophical Society, though not very powerful numerically, is composed of many energetic and capable persons and is a power for good in the neighborhood. The newspapers are all friendly to progressive thought and treat advanced ideas with courtesy. In the interests of human progress I am your friend and fellow laborer,

EMILY CATSWOLD,

Tremont House, San Diego, July 22, '89

Warren Chase Reviewed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have always "watched—read—with deep interest" everything from the pen of Warren Chase; also his strictures on Summerland. Well, Summerland *is there*, with all the advantages just about the same as Santa Barbara, climate and all. Warren says, "The land is laid out in very small lots" (so far true). Then again he says, "As if for a city, and yet quite enough, for, with a few acres' exception, is a poor, barren soil." That last sentence is absolutely false, for the soil produces wild oats four and five feet high, and clover two and three feet, wild mustard eight to ten feet high—all without irrigation. Warren says in the same breath—with the stroke of the same pen,—"Meat, bread, vegetables and fruit, such as can be raised there, are cheap." I see all the common kinds of the fruits there in plenty, with the orange, lemon, fig, grape, banana, Japan loquat, etc. Then he asks the burning question, "What is to be the business of the families living there, as they must have some means of support?" I just heard from there last evening. *All were doing well.* So they were not in want, and I believe their homes are none of them mortgaged. Work is what makes or produces everything good we have got.

Again, Warren says water is scarce; and that, with only "a few acres' exception, it is a poor, barren soil, needing all summer irrigation." How erratic! For he also says fruit, meat, bread and vegetables are cheap, and Santa Barbara has 10,000 inhabitants now against 5,000 in 1883. Then he says, "Chinamen are raising all crops consumed in the beautiful city of Santa Barbara. *If that were true*, which it is not, American farmers might leave Santa Barbara, go to Cobden, Ill., and ask Brother Warren Chase for a job, which would be like going to a goat's house for wool.

Warren says Mr. Williams in his circular did not give the names as references of any prominent Spiritualists of Santa Barbara, but did give those of "bankers, speculators and traders." Mr. Williams himself is a Spiritualist, and is highly respected in the community where he lives (and I know it) both by Spiritualists, bankers, speculators and traders, as well as by some of the poor.

Warren Chase, your article on "The Summerland Colony" says some of "its disadvantages are there are no coal mines there." (Are there any in Cobden where you are?) We have no coal mines just now in Summerland, no cyclones, no blizzards, no frozen toes, no frost. Brother Chase says, "I, from a large experience, could select many places preferable to Santa Barbara, with greater advantages for Spiritualists." He is like a good man—not wise—here, who is often telling people here, "If I had money I would do this, do that and the other." And I have heard him say, more than once, "Sometimes I have not got the price of a sack of flour. Sometimes I have had to go out and borrow a panful." Brother Chase, like the "good man" here, had better do a little good "picking for himself before telling what he could do for other Spiritualists." 'Tis sad to hear people run down Summerland as *poor land* who would *feel rich* if they had money enough to buy one of the smallest blocks of the "very small lots" in it.

Brother Warren, you close your strictures in *Celestial City* with the remark, "I think most of those who go there will want to move in a short time." There will be nothing to hinder; the railroad runs trains both ways. And those who get tired of a good climate, good water, good soil and good social surroundings are few. All that has been said against Summerland has been said against Pacific Grove, the Summerland of the Methodists, and people come and go, and the resort grows larger with population yearly; and I would not change lots, foot per foot, of Summerland, Santa Barbara County, for lots in Pacific Grove, Monterey County.

E. T. SLIGHT.

WATSONVILLE, Cal., July 19, 1889.

SUN YOURSELF.—Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum; the very best is sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours of the day as possible in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs and do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts; they wear veils; they carry parasols; they do all that is possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this, to get roses and color in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak souls? The women in America are pale and delicate. They may be blooming and strong, and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation.—*The Home.*

"If I gave you a pound of metal and ordered you to make the most out of it, what kind of metal would you select?" asked a well known jeweler. "Gold of course" was the prompt reply. "I'd prefer a pound of steel," said the jeweler, "and I'd have it made into hair springs for watches. A pound of such springs would sell for an even $140,000.

"TIMES are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—please stop my—Whiskey?" "Oh, no, times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that cost me a large amount every year which I wish to save. Please—" Ribbons, jewelry, ornaments, and trinkets? "No, no; not those, but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—" Tobacco; cigars and snuff? "Not these, at all but I believe I can see way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—" Tea, coffee, and unhealty luxuries? "No, no, not those. I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs $2.00 a year. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brain."—*Ex.*

It is impossible to calculate the moral mischief, if I may so express it, that mental lying has produced in society. When a man has so far corrupted and prostituted the chastity of his mind, as to subscribe his professional belief to things he does not believe, he has prepared himself for the commission of every other crime.—*Paine.*

It is a great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well, or not enough judgment to keep silent.—*La Bruyere.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

List to the Voices!

BY EVA A. H. BARNES.

Brother, stricken with sin, here is a word for your hearing:
Tho' thou hast been unwise—tarnished thine armor full early,
Making mistakes in this, in seeking for happiness only;
Tho' thou art banished lone from good men's society ever,
Reeking with bodily filth, making thy soul-sphere most loathsome,
Be of good cheer I entreat, fond hope is beckoning to thee.

I know, and so do the angels, how vilely thy life has been spent,
Also we know of thy past pre-natal, thy ancestor's sinning,
Know thy environments tend but to develop and strengthen
That in thy nature which prompts deeds full of malice and evil.

Also we know of a time—no one thou think'st there is knows it,
When with thy face in the dust, bitterly striving to conquer
Tempters fiercely assailed, thou wast most truly repentant.
Likewise we know that long since thou loved'st a beautiful maiden,—
Loved her full well, I ween,—but angels lovingly took her
Out of thy earthly sphere, which could but hurt her and crush her.

Oft does she woo thee with love, wafted from love-laden spheres,
Oft does she mourn o'er thy fate, striving to help thee above it;
'Tis but a question of time when the vile spell shall be broken
Which hath enchained thy life, dragging it ever downward;
Then thy freed spirit shall mount on aspiration's bright pinions,
Gaining the needed strength by oft repeated endeavor,—
Led by the angel world out of thy spiritual darkness.

Had'st thou despaired, my brother, then despair no longer;
Think of the eons long; earth in its grand transformations
Struggled with matter crude, making a home for her children.
Think'st thou the IMPELLING FORCE slowly creation perfecting,
Pauses and stultifies all before the soul's high desires?
Leaving the chrysalis man fretting and chaffing in bondage

List to the voices that chant an eternal negation:
"Brother, thy life is immortal, pause not in thy endeavor,
Life in the unseen world mirrors the life that precedes it.
Ever we upward tend, upward in grade of being,
And for earth's lowliest one waiteth a rapture supernal.

"Not by a miracle wrought out of the blood of a savior,
Cometh the blessed change—transfiguration of sinners;—
But by a spiritual growth, soul-like the lily unfolding,
Wrought by a natural law, through all creation transforming
Cruder material forms into more perfect formations."

Hail! all hail! blessed Voices, bringing the Truth to earth's children,
Cheering the hearts that are sad, healing the lives that are broken,
Clinching the sad To-day with a beautiful, glad To-morrow.

CLARA, PA., July 8, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

To An Absent Brother.

BY GABRIEL M. CECILIA FURLONG.

O, brother, oft I think of thee
Where thou dost wander far away;
I know not if by land or sea,
But I can weep and I can pray.

I think that surely in thy soul
My memory findeth loving place;
For in my inner heart of hearts
Is shrined thy boyish, earnest face.

We've played together by the lake
And wandered often by the sea,
And ONE was with us—for his sake
Come thou, dear brother, back to me.

Yet, oftimes when my heart 's so sad
That in my sorrow tears would flow,
The Lord, to make me feel more glad,
A vision to my soul doth show.

That in the day and in the night
A spirit ever glides near thee;
Its robes are pure, its pinions bright,
It watches, though thou cans't not see.

And when thou strayest, sad, alone,
And in the darkness sigh for light,
That spirit hand is in thine own,
And guideth thee unto the right.

O, when temptation's dark clouds lower,
May that sweet spirit keep thee strong,
And ever use its might and power,
To keep thy soul from grievous wrong.

MAY 24, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Neither Do I Condemn Thee."

BY ABBIE A. GOULD.

The morning broke; up from the East
With scorching heat, came the king of day,
Making still hotter the dusty street
Where scores of Jews, with sandaled feet,
Were passing the hours away.

Within the temple's lighted hall
Stood He, that teacher sent by God,
With lessons pure, and heaven sent,
He taught each one who sat, while lent
They ears to catch each word.

Ope came the door, and in their midst
A new band quick a woman brought,
And told the Master for the sin
She did, and just was taken in
The act, to serve as Moses taught.

And He, the Master, bent his head
And wrote as though he heard them not,
Then said, "If ye would have it so,
'He without sin the first stone throw,'"
They turned and left the spot.

The woman pale and trembling stood,
Filled full of guilty shame;
Sad her face with threatening fear,
Dreading the sentence she should hear
When he should speak her name.

Full in her face his blue eyes gazed,
Filled with love's holy light;
With voice of sweetest melody
Said: "Woman, who thy accusers be
Of this, thy sorry plight?"

"I have none, Lord;" the words came low,
Her eyes cast to the floor,
Waited the judgment as of men.
'Twas this: "Neither do I condemn,—
'Go thou and sin no more.'"

To all the world as unto them
This moral truth was given:
Lift up the wrong and erring one,
Tell them how better deeds are done,
'Twill make on earth your heaven.

A Friendly Criticism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I would like to know if you do not sometimes feel as if you wished that the orthodox fear of hell would seize Spiritualists for a sufficient length of time to unite them in one idea, if only for a moment. But your temperament and mine are different. Nature never meant a nervo-bilious man to edit a Spiritualistic paper where all the shades of Spiritualism are so well represented, and where the water of theosophy is trying to mingle with the oil of Spiritualism. I have noted the many different ideas of those who wish to assist you in editing the GOLDEN GATE, and who would prune it, as it were. One objects to your advertising columns; another to editorial partiality to Summerland; another is seriously indisposed at sight of Sun Angels' messages, and some even object to spirit Eona's W. W. W. One of the beauties of Spiritualism is that it allows and encourages free thought, and does not force one to do as another thinks he should. But a noble work should so inspire those who are engaged in it that they can in harmony work together for the welfare of all, without envy, and feeling that the common prosperity is their happiness.

Almost all people believe in eternity, but how differently is future life thought of by different sects! Simple, truthful, unembellished Spiritualism teaches progression from birth through all eternity, the disembodiment of the spirit being a step towards the better state, and forever progressing, those who have sinned most being last, but none left in eternal punishment. Aside from all communications received from spirit friends and the consolation of their presence, what could be more comforting, more beautiful, or reverential to Providence, than such a belief—the power of good triumphant! If we, as Spiritualists, so lived that our lives showed our implicit faith in this truth—or, rather, our knowledge, which is beyond faith—the searchers for light in all countries would flock to Spiritualism. But listen to different professing Spiritualists talk, and compare their ideas. How chaotic must things seem to an investigator! I am a Spiritualist, but I fail to appreciate what some are pleased to call "the higher teachings," or theosophy. Candidly, Brother Owen, can you give me one reason why we should not emphatically protest against modern theosophy clinging to our garments? What did ancient theosophy do to elevate mankind in all its years of existence, as compared with Christianity? If Christianity borrowed many good points from theosophy, it certainly added to those a something that lifted Christians above theosophists, taken *en masse*. It is useless to tire our ears with praise of Buddha and Brahma while their followers are in their present state. By their fruits ye shall know them. Enlightened America is the fruit of Christianity. For theosophical fruit *vide* China, Japan, Hindostan, India, etc. Would any sensitive person want to believe that a spirit had to forsake its asiociates in the advanced spheres, and come to earth and assume the animal condition a second time? I challenge any theosophist to tell me how such a teaching, even if it were true, could benefit mankind? Will it tend to make us more upright to think that, instead of always progressing through our efforts for good, we are periodically thrown back to the bottom to climb the same road? Poor, narrow space eternity must be if there is no space allotted to advancement, and a retrograde towards this little speck of earth must be made after a few years. With love towards all and malice towards none, we owe the duty to Spiritualism to see that its teachings are clearly placed before the world, unconfounded with any temporarily popular movement, which will do to please some, but is not, like Spiritualism, the religion of the people from this time on. Let us make it clear to investigators that theosophy is not the thirty-third degree of Spiritualism.

SAN FRANCISCO. E. MONTERO.

A Boy Who Became Famous.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen; and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and, when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them but never had he played with such power. They listened, some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed; but, when they looked up into the organ-loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But, when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutchiug at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind-harp, and all was still. The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart,

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

"M H.," ARIZONA.—So long as you deny "the possibility of knowing any thing that does not come through the physical senses," how can you expect to develop an interior consciousness? Can you not see how your negations may make that which is a fact to another non-existent to you? Declare that you hold potentially in your own being spiritual consciousness, turn your attention in that direction, focus your whole thought spiritward, and the spiritual consciousness you deny (even while you desire it) will open up to you. Spirit does not change, truth does not grow more true; but we change; we make the conditions for the revealing. Truth ever waits for the mind to reflect it; it never forces itself upon one, because "one convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." I do think, as I said last week, a person can deny a truth until that truth is non-existent to him, or he can affirm a truth that does not yet seem plain to him until it becomes a fact in his consciousness. Then, again, he may declare an error until the untruth colors his whole life, and reflects itself as inharmony in his body. In both instances, the result comes from fixed attention. Your first question, "How is one to develop this higher consciousness?" while you deny at the same time its possibility, is incongruous. Still, the second question, "What is the life, and what is the first step in the way?" shows an earnestness which gives promise of good results.

First, study your own nature until you can see (even intellectually) that the spiritual verity only reflects itself in the senuous consciousness, while in the higher consciousness it is a reality.

Second, to know the way you must live it. To live it begin at once to overcome your most easily besetting sin, whatever that may be. Refuse even in thought to be unjust to others; sink love of self in humanity; practice altruism without regard to race prejudice; declare in thought, word and deed the oneness of humanity and the unit of consciousness, until sense of separation no longer has place in your mind. Do this and you will soon find yourself far on the way, and spiritual consciousness a fact to you.

Mrs. Harris, would you advise me to join the Theosophical Society? BLANK.

No, not by any means. Do not leave your church or join the Theosophical Society until you can do so without any one's advice. If you are hungry you know it; you do not need to ask any one if you had better eat. If you find in your church what satisfies you, stay there; if you do not, then investigate before you decide the way you go. If you are in a false position, your first work is to put yourself right in that regard; then look about you for some place where you can at least live true to your convictions. The fundamental principle in theosophy is that of universal brotherhood in its highest interpretation, while reincarnation and the doctrine of Karma are basic beliefs growing out of what seems to be immutable law, confirmed by individual experience. That theosophists should hold different opinions in some particulars is not strange, as each person has to make up his little world of his own material. Many honest people deny what others *know* to be true. The Question Department feels that what one knows is worth more many times over than the opinion of others. If we would ask ourselves the question, "Do I know this or do I believe it because some one tells me it is so?" we shall find our world subjective is made up mostly of other people's say-so.

Mrs. Harris, do you think a person could ask you a question you would not try to answer?

Very likely they might; suppose you try it and see.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.
BERKELEY, Cal.

We should love our friends as true amateurs love pictures; they keep their eyes perpetually fixed on the fine points, and do not see the defects.—*Mme. Dufresnoy.*